Hans Morgenthau
Henry Kissinger

At the Republican Convention
John Sayles

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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TRB

from Washington
August 2 & 9, 1980

Trouble Ahead

The earth is a small planet, but there are those who love it. I defy anybody to read the summary of the government's extraordinary new 766-page document, *The Global 2000 Report to the President*, without a shudder. World population is swelling, resources shrinking, environment worsening, and the rich-poor gap widening—all this and the earth's "carrying capacity" reaching its limit.

Who says so? Why, the United States government says so, in the most detailed and complete projection of next century's problems ever attempted, including the Club of Rome's 1972 *The Limits of Growth*, the lugubrious annual reports of Bob McNamara's World Bank, and the various studies by the United Nations. It all began casually with a directive in May 1977 by newly installed President Carter to the Council on Environmental Quality and the Department of State to make a "one-year study" of the "probable changes in the world's population, natural resources, and environment through the end of the century." The study took three years, not one; involved 13 agencies, not two; and the cost, the press officer tells me (which I don't believe anywhere near represents the actual dollar value of government time), was "$945,136.85." In summary, the report found: "If present trends continue, the world in 2000 will be more crowded, more polluted, less stable ecologically, and more vulnerable to disruption than the world we live in now. Serious stresses involving population, resources, and environment are clearly visible ahead. Despite greater material output, the world's people will be poorer in many ways than they are today."

Suppose you have a prolific planet of 4.5 billion that adds the equivalent population of a combined West Germany and Poland every year, where a quarter of the people live in the high-income industrialized countries (North) and the rest cram the low-income less developed countries (South); where the rich-poor gap is deepening; where the faster growth rate of the LDCs will give them 79 percent of the world's population by 2000; where the global food supply isn't keeping up; and where an area of cropland and grassland the size of Maine is lost each year by overcropping and abuse. If these projections are fulfilled, by the year 2000 the diminishing food acreage must feed half again as many people. Where there were two people standing around in 1980 there will be three in 2000. We will all end up, I guess, eating Antarctic krill.

Thomas R. Pickering of the State Department and Gus Speth of the Council on Environmental Quality issued this three-year study, of which Gerald Barney was study director, and they maintain a tone of brisk hopefulness behind which, you suspect, they relish their dire doom-tolling. They repeatedly warn that their projections probably are over-optimistic. It is human nature to resist such challenges: how can bureaucrats look so far ahead; how deal with an entire planet; how make valid projections? These are, indeed, tentative findings and I can't believe Ronald Reagan ever would have authorized them. Free enterprise will handle everything, I am sure. Look at the way it took care of Detroit's auto industry.

On the other hand, the document plants seeds of doubt. Perhaps we worry too much about nuclear war and not enough about the slow attrition caused by overpopulation. Here, for example, is a conundrum in the US-Mexico relationship, one of the few instances where an industrialized country shares a long common border with a developing country. The US had 214 million people in 1975 with an average annual increase of 0.6 percent; Mexico had 60 million, with a galloping 3.1 percent increase. By 2000 the US will have 248 million and Mexico a swollen 131 million; Mexico City, with 30 million, will be the largest city on earth. The population pressure in Mexico will be explosive. Mexico already exports a possible million illegal immigrants a year, despite 8.5 percent US unemployment. What will happen 20 years hence if the US still leaves the border virtually unguarded?

Then there's that matter of burning coal. Unless care is taken, coal liberates CO_2 and could warm the earth by the well-known "greenhouse effect." The report has a cheerful little item about the danger of this process melting the ice caps and a gradual rise in sea level, "forcing abandonment of many coastal cities." Jolly thought. We may be fishing out of the 30th-story window of the Empire State Building yet.

The report is consciously restrained, dignified, and non-sensational. It carries an uncomfortable feeling of authenticity. It says again and again, time is running out. That's the message. "Barring revolutionary advances in technology, life for most people on earth will be more precarious in 2000 than it is now—unless the nations of the world act decisively to alter current trends."

Deadline exigencies cut TRB off at the GOP convention at Detroit last week just before the big Reagan-Ford caper. Walter Cronkite took over; the elected delegates were just an audience watching it on TV; it was the equivalent of one of Reagan's celebrated verbal gaffes translated into a kind of policy gaffe. He was willing to bargain away part of his presidential authority to persuade Ford to join a "dream" ticket. The Ford asking price was too steep, but the arrangement wouldn't have worked anyway. A vice president is an errand boy, and Ford was trying to make him into a co-president—a second bridegroom at the political wedding.

Governor Reagan got a bad press. The conservative *Wall Street Journal*, for example, said, "The episode struck a disquieting note about Mr. Reagan's staffing and decision-making ability. . . . The spectacle was scarcely reassuring."

I heard the acceptance speech, well delivered, in the great throbbing, thumping amphitheater. Here again the governor surprised me. Why did he use three paragraphs from FDR in his peroration, pleading for retrenchment and decentralization? Roosevelt was the man who, more than any other, spent and expanded. Governor Reagan was conveying some message, I know, but I couldn't guess what.

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Correspondence

Rear-view blind spot

To the editors:

TRB proclaims that "Detroit's miscalculation of the small-car market was the greatest industrial error in history (*TNR*, June 28). Such rear-view perspectives overlook the fact that a little more than a year ago thousands upon thousands of small cars remained unsold while American motorists, deceived by controls as to the true price of gasoline, kept full-size auto assembly lines humming at near-record levels. That was the market, and woe befell the manufacturer who did not respond.

Paul E. Svoboda
General Motors Corporation
New York, New York

Knowledge and decisions

To the editors:

Criticism and misrepresentation are two very different things. But no such distinction cramps the style of Lester Thurow's review of *Knowledge and Decisions* (*TNR*, June 28).

Out of whole cloth Thurow manufactures "a monolithic government conspiracy" that I am supposed to believe in, along with a picture of the business elite as "good guys." If there is one theme that runs throughout the book, it is a repudiation of conspiracy theories, or of heroes and villains, and an emphasis on the circumstances and incentives facing different groups. The sins or virtues of businessmen do not enter the picture at all. I also point out repeatedly that these sins or virtues play no real role in the classic attack on capitalism (*Das Kapital*) or its classic defense (*The Wealth of Nations*). Indeed, I repudiated any notion of "the localization of evil and of wisdom" in the very sentence that Thurow lifted out of context, without benefit of the usual ellipsis to indicate that only part of the sentence was being quoted.

Thurow's apparently triumphant parade of evidence against me—the Chrysler bailout, protectionism for steel, ICC subservience to the trucking industry—are things I had already criticized, in this book and elsewhere. Such "evidence" makes sense only as an attack on the straw man Thurow himself created, not on what actually was contained in the book he was supposedly reviewing.

Incidentally, *Knowledge and Decisions* is not a book about "free enterprise," despite the impression created in the review. It is a book about decision makers in general, from the family to the Supreme Court. The two longest chapters, in fact, are on the law and on politics.

A challenge by Thurow gives the reader an opportunity to check for himself who is being cavalier with facts. Thurow claims that the incomes of American Indians are "well below one-half the national average." The mean (and median) national income can be found in the 1970 Census. The Census Bureau's *Subject Report PC(2)-1F* gives the mean and median incomes of Indian individuals and families. See for yourself.

While Thurow is very good at arguing against things that are not in my book, he does not come to grips with something that *is* in the book—a discussion of slippery tactics used by one Lester Thurow. His review only confirms that conclusion.

Thomas Sowell
UCLA
Los Angeles, California

Occupying powers

To the editors:

The British no more occupy Ulster than the French do Burgundy or the Americans Texas. Thus it is quite proper for them to sign a document criticizing Israel's occupancy of the West Bank ("Continent Without a Spine," *TNR*, June 28). Which is not to say Israel should pay any attention to it.

George Hendry
Massey College
Toronto, Canada

Dancing fists

To the editors:

Stephen Chapman's light-hearted defense of boxing cannot go unchallenged (Montreal Diarist, *TNR*, July 5 & 12). My objection to the "sport" of prize fighting has nothing to with conditioning, training, or courage. Boxing is the only sport in which the chief objective is the destruction of another human being. Skill is only incidental; the great glory in prize fighting is to attack your opponent and punch him into unconsciousness. Of course, sometimes boxers are overly successful in their primary goal. They not only knock out their opponents; they destroy them.

Cleveland Denny, 24, was the latest to die. But he has plenty of company. The "manly art of self-defense" (Chapman's words) killed three others in 1980. Last year eight fell victim to dancing fists. Since 1946 over 340 have died. The cause of death in most cases is the same: acute subdural hematoma—a blow to the head. Cleveland Denny was killed in the same fashion, but there was an extra factor in his case: the blow was so severe that it also displaced his brainstem.

Prize fighting is a throwback to the days of barbarism, including such delicate pastimes as feeding Christians to the lions and cheering on gladiators in their duels to the death. When Americans become civilized they will not only abolish capital punishment and the private ownership of handguns; they will also put a halt to the barbarism called boxing.

Daniel N. Hoffman
Santa Clara, California

Revolting review

To the editors:

May I make a brief comment on Garry Wills's revolting review of what sounds, at second hand, like a revolting book by Harris Wofford (review of *Of Kennedys and Kings*, *TNR*, July 19)? I suggest, to begin with, that Wills, Wofford, and the readers of *The New Republic* ask themselves whether they and the United States were better off or worse off when President Kennedy was tragically assassinated than they are today. When President Kennedy was lost, one could still speak of the "majesty and magic of America," as Dean Acheson did in 1950. Today we are not merely in a thorough mess at home. In addition, we and our allies, beginning with Israel and the Western Europeans, are in deadly danger abroad, as anyone knows who understands the meaning of the imminent threat of Soviet control of the Persian Gulf.

This fearful decline in our national situation is the direct result of the triumph of the kind of ideas expressed by Garry Wills and apparently shared by Harris Wofford. The beginning of this triumph must be dated, alas, from the about-face on policy that was made by the late Robert Kennedy after his brother's death.

It is hopeless to argue about these matters with people like Garry Wills, however. They have not read enough history to be aware that national success cannot be achieved by continuous loveliness of the sort that makes them politically comfortable. One get the impression that instead of ordinary plumbing fixtures which flush, provide hot and cold water when needed, etc., they prefer plumbing fix-

(continued on page 40)

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

August 2 & 9, 1980

Preposterous Emissaries

Billy Carter has been involved with Libya since September 1978. Libya is no ordinary country, but a bankroller of international terrorism, a friend of Idi Amin, and an incorrigible enemy of US allies. Yet it was not until July 22, 1980, that President Carter could bring himself to rebuke his brother publicly for involvement with the Qaddafi regime. The president's statement was lame as well as tardy. It said merely: "I do not believe it is appropriate for a close relative of the president to undertake any assignment on behalf of a foreign government." Not appropriate? Billy Carter's connection with Libya was obscene, and the president should have squelched it at its inception. Presidents are not their brothers' keepers, but they are responsible for protecting the national interest. The minute President Carter learned that Billy was planning to visit Libya, the president should have seen that no good would come of it, and should have acted to reroute US business with Libya through legitimate diplomatic channels.

By scotching the courtship between Billy and Libya at the outset, the president would have served his own interest, Billy's, and the nation's. That he didn't do this bespeaks deplorable judgment, at the very least. If the president now is in political trouble over this affair, he richly deserves it.

Whatever possessed the administration—not just the president, but National Security Adviser Brzezinski—to think that the president's brother, a beer-swilling Georgia gas station owner, could serve as a useful diplomatic intermediary? The administration did treat him as such, by giving him and his cronies high-level National Security Council briefings before his trips, and asking him to arrange an official meeting with Libya's chargé d'affaires in Washington. But, then, whatever possessed the administration to think that Muhammad Ali could persuade African nations to boycott the Olympics, or that Chip Carter would impress foreign countries as part of a US delegation? These were not ambassadors extraordinaire in the tradition of Robert Murphy or Averell Harriman. If the world thinks that the United States has ceased to be a serious world power, the Carter administration's choice of special emissaries is added evidence of the fact.

The White House claims it did not know until this year that Billy Carter was getting money as a result of his Libyan connections. We find this hard to accept. Even without hard information, Brzezinski and the president should have been fully aware that the Libyans would not court Billy Carter for mere "friendship." They should have foreseen the possibility that Libya would use Billy, either to buy influence or to set up the administration for an embarrassment. That is the way Libya operates. It is not merely a radical and fanatic regime, but a criminal one, which uses its oil riches to pay for assassination and to spread subversion. We find it impossible to believe that the CIA and FBI have not been keeping close watch on Libyan financial transactions in the United States, and that they have not been informing the White House. If they did not, then those agencies are in a very bad way indeed, and thorough house-cleanings may be in order.

The New Republic, which does not have a far-flung net-

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work of trained intelligence operatives, had information as early as January 1979 that Billy Carter was on the take from Libya. This journal reported (see "More Adventures of Billy Carter," *TNR*, February 10, 1979) that on a return flight from Libya the previous September, a boozy Billy showed fellow passengers an elaborate bracelet made, he said, of 18-carat gold. This was a gift from the Libyan government, he said, and he claimed to have four more like it in his suitcase. He claimed that one of his fellow visitors to Libya had received a solid gold brick. When he finally signed a consent decree last month agreeing to register as a foreign agent, Billy admitted having received four bracelets, along with a $220,000 "loan." Billy Carter did not report receipt of the bracelets when he went through customs (he was waved right through the reporting station in Boston, signing autographs as he went). This apparent violation of law still has not been investigated by the Justice Department. If we knew that Billy had begun receiving remuneration for services anticipated on Libya's behalf, why didn't the White House know?

Interdepartmental communications from the Justice Department in April 1979 launched a slow-moving investigation into Billy Carter's Libyan relationship. In spite of this, Zbigniew Brzezinski called on Billy Carter in November 1979 to arrange a meeting with Libya's man in Washington, Ali Houderi. Why didn't Brzezinski call Houderi himself? Because, says the White House, relations with Libya were "cool" and Brzezinski wanted the contact to be made under the friendliest possible auspices. The White House says Brzezinski sought Libya's assistance in winning release of the US hostages in Iran. Of course, any assistance provided was not fruitful. But the arrangement had to have another effect: to certify to Libya that Billy Carter was an authorized, useful agent.

In December 1979, the president himself met with Houderi, though there's been no report that Billy had anything to do with the meeting. Even so, the Libyans must have thought Billy had influence to peddle. Last January they gave Billy a check for $20,000, and followed it up in April with $200,000 more.

The one reported instance of White House intervention to restrain Billy's activities occurred in March, when Brzezinski learned through intelligence sources of Billy's effort to arrange a huge commission from an American oil company in return for securing shipments of Libyan oil. Brzezinski called Billy to warn him not to embarrass the president. There is no indication that an edict went out, even then, cutting Billy off from further involvement with the US government.

Congressional investigators surely will look into alleged White House assistance given Billy to sort out his federal legal problems. On June 2, the Justice Department learned of Libya's $220,000 payoff to Billy. On June 4, the FBI questioned White House aide Philip Wise, also a Carter family friend from Georgia, about Billy. On June 11, Billy voluntarily went to the Justice Department to explain his Libyan connections. Was he warned about the Justice Department's investigation in advance? The White House says no. Yet Brzezinski and White House counsel Lloyd Cutler admit they gave Billy post-facto advice, and Cutler concedes that he arranged for Billy's hiring of a private lawyer.

The White House has cautioned against using the term "Billygate" in this affair, claiming it does not even approach the levels of corruption Watergate reached.It probably doesn't. But it does indicate monumental lack of foresight in the Carter White House, sloppy diplomatic practice, and a stunning failure to grasp the behind-the-scenes tactics of a barbaric foreign regime. The Carter administration may not be corrupt, but it has demonstrated once again the depth of its ineptitude.

White House Watch

Behind That Madness

Among the people who figured in the mad effort to bring former president Gerald Ford onto the 1980 Republican ticket as Ronald Reagan's candidate for vice president, two men are known to have gone to the heart of the matter months before the effort surfaced and collapsed at the party convention in Detroit. The two are Ford and Bryce Harlow, who is regarded by many Republican professionals as the wisest of their anointed sages.

In mid-March, when Ford concluded after much feckless agonizing that it was too late for him to try for the presidential nomination and do Reagan out of it, he pressed upon a group of advisers at his California home his view—as it was then reported in this space—"that Jimmy Carter is a total and complete disaster, at home and abroad, and that with four more years of him the US may face domestic and foreign crises of incredible magnitude. Therefore the important question before the group was not who was nominated by the Republicans, but the defeat and replacement of Carter." Ford had recently said that Reagan was too conservative to be elected. If Ford went for the nomination and divided the party, he told his friends in March, Reagan might be so weakened that he wouldn't have any chance of being elected. Ford, in short, was afraid, despite Jimmy Carter's evident weaknesses, that Reagan would lose in November.

Bryce Harlow, who had been a White House assistant to Eisenhower and Nixon and an unofficial adviser to Ford, put the same view to Ford by letter—with a twist. Only Ford on the ticket with Reagan, Harlow argued, could provide a good chance of defeating Carter in November. Incumbent presidents almost always won reelection, Harlow continued, and Carter probably would win this year unless Reagan came up with the strongest conceivable ticket, meaning himself and Ford. It was Ford's duty. So do it as a matter of party and national duty, Harlow urged, and leave discussions of his authority and status as vice president until after the

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election. Trust Reagan and don't queer a wonderful possibility by seeking concessions that Reagan couldn't grant before he was elected. So went Harlow's argument, in the letter to Ford and afterward. Ford's perfunctory reply indicated to Harlow that Ford was not impressed. In Detroit, though ill with emphysema and a neurological disorder, Harlow worked with Reagan and national committee people on the party platform and followed the Reagan-Ford discussions mainly through Henry Kissinger. Harlow warned that a sound arrangement was being discussed and negotiated to death and sadly concluded at the end that just this had happened.

Ford had told Reagan that he wouldn't consider the vice presidency. Reagan had given Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee no encouragement when Baker first offered to intercede with Ford. Later, when Ford played in a golf tournament near Washington, Baker and the head of his minority leadership staff, James Cannon, urged Ford to think about joining the ticket. Ford said no: for constitutional and practical reasons, a new president and a former vice president and president in the vice presidency again could not possibly work out a satisfactory arrangement. Up to the week of the convention, Reagan kept getting arguments that he should go all out to persuade Ford to join the ticket and Ford kept getting arguments that he should do it. Ford clearly was tired of hearing about it when he and Betty Ford flew to Detroit.

William Casey, the chief of Reagan's staff, telephoned Washington lawyer John O. Marsh Jr., a Ford friend and former Ford assistant, on the Friday before the convention opened and said he wanted to talk to Marsh in Detroit. Marsh suspected that Casey wanted to discuss the vice presidency, which they did early in convention week. On the pre-convention Saturday, Baker's man Cannon asked Marsh to join him and William Timmons, Reagan's convention floor director, for coffee at the Detroit hotel where they and Republican biggies, including Reagan and Ford, were staying. Marsh told them as he'd been telling Cannon and others all along that Ford didn't want to run with Reagan. Timmons urged Marsh to do what he could to persuade Ford. Cannon doubted that Ford could be persuaded but hoped he could be. Marsh, Timmons, and Cannon more or less agreed on some interesting points. Ford would have to be assured of expanded responsibilities and maximum freedom in the vice presidency. A likely area of special responsibility might be the federal budget process. Cannon suggested that the vice president might be given responsibility for reviewing the entire defense posture. Cannon warned Timmons that some Reagan delegates detested Ford and might boo him when he appeared to deliver a speech Monday night; Timmons made sure that Ford got a tremendous ovation and Ford was delighted.

On Sunday, before the speech and ovation, a puzzling pattern of Ford behavior developed. Ford told ABC's Barbara Walters at noon that "under no circumstances would I be the candidate for the vice presidency." Cannon and Marsh, talking by telephone, told each other that this surely closed the subject. Marsh, however, was telling Ford that he should expect a lot of pressure on him to change his mind. Late Sunday afternoon Ford asked Alan Greenspan, a New York economist who had been chairman of President Ford's Council of Economic Advisers and had become one of Reagan's chief economic advisers, to go over a draft of Ford's Monday speech. While Ford and Greenspan were discussing the draft, Ford startled Greenspan by asking whether he'd be willing to join a few others in exploring with Reagan assistants the possibility of Ford running with Reagan. Greenspan agreed to do it.

Ford and Reagan, who with their wives had met socially on Sunday, met alone for their first working talk in Detroit at 3:45 Tuesday afternoon. Subsequent news accounts emphasized reports that Ford had urged Reagan to choose another candidate for the vice presidency, preferably George Bush. The significant development was that Reagan at this session made it clear to Ford for the first time that he wanted, really wanted, Ford on the ticket. They had never liked each other. Ford had never forgiven Reagan for nearly winning the 1976 nomination and, Ford thought, contributing to his defeat in the election with a feeble show of support. It was evident to Ford's staff that Ford was flattered and pleased by Reagan's deferential urgings, courtesy, and manifestations of respect for a former president.

Soon afterward three of Reagan's principal assistants—William Casey, Edwin Meese, and Michael Deaver—telephoned Kissinger and asked him to meet with them. They said they were most anxious to get Ford on the ticket and felt that Kissinger could do more than anybody else to persuade Ford. Kissinger said he'd help and offered some immediate advice. Its essence: Ford would never do it for political reasons; he'd do it only in the national interest. So keep the politicians away from Ford. Ask such people as Greenspan, Harlow, and John McCloy, the New York attorney and Rockefeller counsellor, to help. The Reagan trio astounded and shook Kissinger by saying that they—necessarily meaning Reagan—would be willing to combine the positions of vice president and secretary of defense. Reagan intermediaries put this astonishing idea on paper, in a written set of "talking points." Ford immediately rejected it, partly because he simply didn't want responsibility for the huge defense establishment. He also agreed with Kissinger that a vice president who was a Cabinet secretary would be subject to congressional intrusions that would erode the constitutional separation of powers.

Teams of Reagan and Ford representatives—Casey, Meese, and poller Richard Wirthlin for Reagan; Kissinger, Greenspan, Marsh, and the head of Ford's retirement staff, Robert Barrett, for Ford—met intermittently with their candidates, among themselves, and with each other through Wednesday and into Wednesday night. The touted "negotiations" between the Reagan and Ford groups never moved from discussions into real negotiation. One of the reasons was the weirdest aspect of a weird day and evening. Kissinger, Greenspan, Marsh, and Barrett understood throughout the Wednesday dis-

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cussions that substantive negotiation between and on behalf of a former president and a prospective president was impossible at that stage. They understood that they were going through motions whose sole purpose was to convince Ford that he'd be taking an acceptable risk if he would trust Reagan and, as Harlow had long since suggested, defer any reach for hard understandings until after the election. Reagan and his people talked and seemed to think in much more specific and less sophisticated terms—the offer to combine the vice presidency and the defense secretaryship, for example. The discussions, such as they were, narrowed to two concepts. One of them was that the vice president should assume much of the authority and responsibilities exercised in recent years by the chiefs of White House staffs. The other concept, expounded mainly by Greenspan, was that the vice president should assume oversight responsibility for the budget process, subject to priorities set by the president and in collaboration with a diminished budget director. Other possibilities, among them that the vice president might similarly assume overall responsibility for the national security policy process, were mentioned, briefly discussed, and allowed to wither.

Speculation and reports that Ford had demanded a say amounting to a veto in the selection of key administration appointees originated in a discussion between Ford and his people. If he had "a national duty" to do something he didn't want to do, he said to Kissinger and Greenspan in particular, then they by God had a duty to leave their richly rewarding private lives and return to government with him. They agreed, Greenspan with considerably less enthusiasm than Kissinger. Kissinger begged Ford to exclude names and individual prospects from the discussions with Reagan and postpone such points until after the election. When Kissinger learned from Ford that he had mentioned Kissinger's, Greenspan's, and other names to Reagan, he told William Casey to ignore the overture and persuaded Ford to telephone Reagan and say he hadn't meant to make anybody's appointment a condition for joining the ticket. Subsequent allegations by some Reagan people and by some commentators that Kissinger had tried to make a promise to appoint him secretary of state the price of Ford joining the ticket outraged Kissinger. Here I set aside what I'm told in confidence about this matter and rely upon my reading of Henry Kissinger. He longs to be secretary of state in a Reagan administration, would take no other full-time appointment, and knows that the surest way to abort the little chance there may be of getting what he wants would be to press it upon Reagan before the election. Ford's representatives say they meant only to suggest during the discussions that vice president Ford naturally would expect to have a voice in Cabinet and major staff appointments and also would expect respectful consideration of his nominees. Ford overstepped this sensible approach in a talk with Reagan and some Reagan assistants on the margin of the discussions translated the Ford group's suggestions into patently unacceptable demands.

Ford's behavior throughout Wednesday followed the pattern that had emerged on Sunday. In interviews with NBC, *Time*, *Newsweek*, and the *New York Times* he said again and again what he was telling his representatives in the staff discussions—Reagan plus Ford was an attractive idea, it might make a great campaign ticket, but when it came to governing it just wouldn't work. Yet he let the discussions continue into the night and four times, in person and by telephone, he didn't say no to Reagan. Finally, in a CBS interview with Walter Cronkite, he not only seemed to want the offered nomination but to be saying that "Governor Reagan really ought to consider" what Cronkite gratuitously and disastrously called "something like a co-presidency." The interview text shows that Ford actually was responding to Cronkite's query about "the pride of a President of the United States accepting a former president as his vice president" and saying that this was what Reagan "really ought to consider." But it didn't come over that way—to the convention delegates, to an offended Reagan, and to electronic and print media including CBS. It also didn't come over that way to Ford's assistant, Bob Barrett, who was with him in the CBS anchor booth. When Barrett and Ford returned to the hotel, Barrett said to Kissinger, Greenspan, and Marsh: "He's done it, he's taken himself out of it." When they demurred, Barrett said he was certain that Ford used the interview to make Reagan and his people say, "Now wait a minute, we can't go with this." They reacted in exactly that way, demanded a yes or no from Ford that evening, and led Ford to walk down the stairs from his suite to Reagan's suite on the floor below and say in effect to Reagan: sorry, Ron, but it won't work.

The fashion is to say now that any fool should have seen as much from the start of the madness. That's what I thought, watching the TV spectacle Wednesday night and marvelling that not one network reporter or commentator had the wit to say it was preposterous. And yet, Henry Kissinger and Alan Greenspan and Bryce Harlow believed then and believed afterward that, properly handled, it could have worked. They are not fools.

John Osborne

Politics

The Neoconservative Dilemma

At first glance, it appears that the choices presented by the 1980 election cannot help but badly splinter the neoconservative movement. The movement's leading characters already are strewn all over the place politically. Its intellectual guru, Irving Kristol, has been a registered Republican for six years and supports Ronald Reagan. Its leading officeholders, Henry Jackson and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, loyal Democrats, apparently will endorse the Carter-Mondale ticket. Some neos, such as Ben Watten-

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berg, Penn Kemble, and Michael Novak, are clinging to desperate hopes that someone other than Carter or Kennedy will win the Democratic nomination. Others are planning to hold their noses and vote for either Carter or Reagan. Austin Ranney of the American Enterprise Institute says that if the election were held tomorrow, he'd cast a "reasoned abstention." Lane Kirkland of the AFL-CIO and other union leaders who are close to the neoconservative movement, especially on foreign policy, are planning to work for Carter because they fear that the Republicans will try to undermine labor's economic and political power. But some prominent neoconservative intellectuals and activists, including Dr. Jeanne Kirkpatrick of AEI, have decided to support Reagan. Midge Decter says she will do so, too, if Carter gets the Democratic nomination.

Who cares? Well you might ask. What the neoconservatives do this year won't significantly affect the election anyway, especially since they are so fragmented. Even if the movement decided to hold a convention, no more than 1,000 or 1,500 would show up, and then they would squabble over what to call themselves. And yet these are some of the brightest, most eloquent and provocative people in America—people who think, write, lecture, and influence other people. And they are likely to have an important impact on American intellectual history, so their seeming disarray is significant. But what's most important, the movement's disorientation this year may well mask a transition—a transfer of loyalty from the Democratic party to the Republican. If Ronald Reagan plays it right, this may well happen.

Officially, the two main organizational base camps of the neoconservative movement will fly nobody's flag this year. Spokesmen for the Committee on the Present Danger and the Coalition for a Democratic Majority say their groups do not endorse candidates. But as individuals, the top Present Danger people are almost certain to side with Reagan. The CPD Republicans already have done so, and the top Democrats, former Navy secretary Paul Nitze and former undersecretary of state Eugene Rostow, are expected to do so right after the Democratic convention. Reagan is perfectly in tune with CPD in his opposition to Carter's SALT II treaty and in his promise to restore the US to overall military "superiority."

The Coalition for a Democratic Majority is a more interesting case, inasmuch as it is still composed of people who take their Democratic origins very seriously. From its beginning in 1972, CDM has considered itself not neo or conservative, but mainstream, centrist, and traditional-liberal, in the intellectual tradition of Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman, John Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey, and Lyndon Johnson. But they believe that, beginning with George McGovern's nomination in 1972, as Norman Podhortez of *Commentary* put it again last week, "The Democrats have come to represent the opposite of what the party stood for 20 years ago." The neoconservatives still stand for "growth economics," while they say the party has been captured by no-growth, era-of-limits, small-is-beautiful environmentalists bent on equitably redistributing shrinking US wealth instead of trying to provide more for everybody. The neoconservatives say they still believe in an interventionist foreign policy aimed at containing Soviet power, while Democrats have abandoned those traditions in favor of "restraint" and "appeasement." The neoconservatives say that they still believe in a social policy of providing individual citizens with equality of opportunity while Democrats increasingly have tried to equalize people according to social group, resorting in the end to quotas.

CDM says its reason for being has been to move the Democratic party back toward its foundations, but it has not been very successful. In 1976 much of the organization's hierarchy worked to nominate Jackson, CDM's honorary co-chairman, but failed. In 1977, the neoconservatives hoped to influence Carter administration policy by proposing a list of potential appointees to top foreign affairs posts. Practically no one on the list got a job, and the few who did got much less than they hoped for. When Washington lawyer Peter Rosenblatt was put in charge of independence negotiations for Micronesia, the CDM joke was "they wouldn't even give us Macronesia or Polynesia, only Micronesia." Harvard professor Samuel Huntington wanted to be made the Pentagon's assistant secretary for international security affairs, but later was given a short-term National Security Council post instead. Another CDM board member, Washington lawyer Max Kampelman, was named deputy chief of the US delegation to Helsinki follow-up talks in Madrid this year, but he was denied the number one job. Reviewing Carter appointments, Huntington says that his friends were passed over because Carter gave his Cabinet officers the power to appoint their own subordinates. But in CDM there is a strong suspicion that the neoconservatives were systemically excluded and that "McGovernites" got most of the plums. "What we put forth as an appointments list was treated as a purge list," one CDM

A Likely Story

Did stress from Queen's ordeal as a hostage contribute to his getting the disease that eats away at coverings of nerves in the brain and spinal cord? Unlikely. There is no medical proof to substantiate a theory that stress may make MS bloom, authorities at the National Multiple Sclerosis Society said Tuesday.

—UPI dispatch in the *Wyoming Eagle*, July 16

In New York, a spokesman for the National Multiple Sclerosis Society, Bard Lindeman, said it was "very likely" that the stress of his imprisonment helped set off the attack.

—AP dispatch in the *Casper Star-Tribune*, July 16

(Thanks to Don Nelson, Cheyenne, Wyoming.)

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official said. Another said, "I know people will try to portray our attitude as sour grapes, but it's not. This administration froze out a whole wing of the party, active Democrats of renown who represent a point of view that has always been part of the Democratic coalition."

Following that shaky start, CDM and the Carter administration have been at almost constant odds over policy during the past three and a half years, especially on foreign and defense policy. For at least two of those years, Podhoretz and others implored Moynihan, CDM's other co-chairman, to mount a challenge to Carter this year. Moynihan refused. "He is, as the British say, regimental, despite his reputation as an activist," said one of the implorers. "He believes in going by the book and waiting your turn for promotion. He didn't want to challenge a sitting president of his own party, and he thought that if there was to be a challenge, Kennedy should have the first shot. It breaks my heart every time I think about what might have happened if he'd run. I think he would've won."

Scarred by his 1976 experience, Jackson wouldn't run this year either, and he caused added disarray in CDM by leaning toward Kennedy, whose "soft" views on foreign policy are regarded in CDM with even more disdain than Carter's. Before one social event at which much of the CDM clan gathered, members of the organization debated among themselves whether to castigate Jackson for what he seemed to be doing. No one actually did, however. Another possible CDM candidate this year was Representative Tom Foley of Washington, but those who asked him about running concluded he lacked the money, the fame, or the fire to enter the race. So CDM was without a horse.

The group went through a brief flurry of hope for Carter this year when the president acted as if the invasion of Afghanistan had caused the scales to fall from his eyes vis-à-vis Soviet intentions. On January 31 the White House actually called in 14 CDM leaders for a meeting with the president, but it turned into a disaster. CDM's first spokesman was Ranney, who said more or less the following: Mr. President, it strikes us that there are two possible views of US-Soviet policy. One holds that the Soviet Union is another superpower, with interests that sometimes conflict with ours and at other times allow for cooperation. The other view is that the Soviet Union is fundamentally a totalitarian power out to remake the world and that everything it does is a tactic to achieve that end. It seems to us that for much of your administration, you have held the first view, but that Afghanistan has caused you to see that the second view is correct. If so, it might be well to replace some of the officials who have been responsible for the first policy.

According to those present, Carter responded, "your statement is erroneous" and went on to claim that the administration had consistently understood what Soviet intentions were and had formed its policy accordingly. At another point, Podhoretz urged the president to mount a vigorous human rights offensive against the Soviet Union, among both the American people and the world community. Carter reportedly responded "incoherently" by praising efforts by private citizens to call attention to Soviet human rights violations. When retired admiral Elmo Zumwalt told Carter that existing US naval forces were inadequate to the tasks of defending the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean oil routes, Carter reportedly "gave him a stare that in a less democratic society would've meant he was destined for a firing squad." Another participant said that Carter then agreed with Zumwalt's case that naval forces had to be upgraded. However, he made no attempt to square this position with previous administration cutbacks in the Navy's budget.

After the meeting with Carter, Vice President Mondale spent nearly an hour with the CDM group and demonstrated keen understanding of CDM's policy attitudes. But Carter had appalled many of those present, who now accuse him of disingenuousness and utter inability to understand their viewpoint. "It was a crucial meeting for me," said Washington lawyer Elliott Abrams. "Carter was telling us that he was going to continue to pursue the Andy Young foreign policy." Abrams, who used to be Moynihan's administrative assistant, plans to vote for Reagan and, if asked, would actively campaign for him. Jeanne Kirkpatrick, who is also for Reagan, didn't make up her mind at the January meeting, but said it "did throw cold water on whatever hopes we had that Iran and Afghanistan would have a broad effect on the president's foreign policy orientation." It also peeved Kirkpatrick that the White House did not put the CDM meeting on the president's public schedule, "as though this was something that would have to be done secretly, even though we are all good Democrats."

On the Democratic right, one of the few people who are enthusiastically for Carter is Samuel Huntington, who says the president "has done an excellent job in foreign policy." He has, Huntington says, largely resolved the issues left over from Nixon-Ford—the Panama Canal treaties, SALT, normalization with China, multilateral trade negotiations, and the Egypt-Israel peace effort. Huntington says Carter has started to reverse the deterioration of the East-West arms balance by proposing increased US and NATO military budgets; he also has begun addressing issues such as North-South relations, nuclear proliferation, and human rights, which were ignored by Henry Kissinger. His neoconservative friends, Huntington says, have unrealistic hopes for Reagan, who has backed away from concrete measures—the draft, the grain embargo, and the Olympic boycott—which might give substance to his anti-Soviet positions. And Huntington says he can't square Reagan's promises of big defense increases with his promises of big tax cuts.

On the other side, Kirkpatrick is convinced on the basis of several hours' talk with Reagan that he will put defense ahead of tax cuts and balanced budgets. She also is persuaded that Reagan "is no ideologue, no right-winger" and is open and receptive to new advice, which Carter isn't. Abrams thinks that Carter's foreign policy is

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"dangerous" and that "four more years of it might mean the end of the Western security system." A number of neoconservatives are also deeply worried that without the discipline of an election campaign, he will take up a strongly anti-Israel, possibly pro-PLO, policy in the Middle East. Among the other decideds or almost-decideds, Midge Decter says that "while I have great skepticism about the Republicans, and no illusions that they will be wonderful, they articulate a certain mood which the Democrats have ignored, especially on the issue of American power and American virtue." Her husband, Podhoretz, says he's not endorsing anybody, but he thinks "Reagan is going to win in a landslide." He doesn't seem unhappy about it.

But elsewhere in the neoconservative movement, there is agony and doubt. CDM's chairman, Ben J. Wattenberg, is especially uncomfortable. He sees many of CDM's stalwarts heading off to Reagan and worries about what it will do to the organization. He finds himself attracted to some of Reagan's positions, but feels himself culturally at home with Democrats and not with Republicans. He's certainly not happy with Carter, but sees a few signs of improvement. So Wattenberg's hope is that the Democratic convention can be opened up for another Democrat.

That feeble glimmer of optimism is shared by another group of unhappy Democrats, led by former movie producer Arnold Picker, Philadelphia fundraiser S. Harrison Dogole, and Washington super-lawyer Edward Bennett Williams, who are trying to put together a third-force operation to spread discord among Carter's 1,998 delegates. According to one private poll, about 200 Carter delegates indicate that under some circumstances they might bolt from the president, but 360 need to do so to deny him the nomination. Edward Kennedy's organization reportedly has identified 46 Carterites who say they might defect. Both Kennedy and Picker operatives are encouraged by new polls showing Carter trailing Reagan by 31 points, by the spreading "Billygate" scandal, and by the nose-diving economy. A deputation from the Picker group last Wednesday went to see Henry Jackson, hoping that he would declare his availability in case the convention actually does open. Secretary of State Edmund Muskie, in a breakfast meeting with reporters, said that he was "disenchanted" by prospects that the convention would dump Carter and turn to him, though he didn't say he would refuse a draft.

But the odds against denying Carter the nomination are still very long. The Carter-Mondale committee has begun a series of Saturday delegate-stroking sessions in Washington which eventually will be attended by about 1,000 pledged Carterites. The day-long meetings include briefings by Zbigniew Brzezinski, Treasury Secretary Miller, assorted White House political and domestic advisers, and conclude with receptions attended by the president. Carter aides confess that some delegates are demanding and ornery, but they indicate that this is nothing unusual for politicians. "It's nothing we can't handle," said one Carter-Mondale aide.

Assuming that Carter wins the nomination in a messy fight, what neoconservatives do in their voting booths depends a lot on Reagan. One alternative that the neocons are not attracted to at all is John Anderson. "He is nothing," says Midge Decter. "I don't take him seriously, and if I did, I'd be opposed to him. He's attracting all those blind leftish supporters who supported Eugene McCarthy without knowing who he was, either. He's becoming a captive of those Hollywood-McGovern money people, and he's going to have to go left. Where else can he go? He can't go to the center because that's where Reagan is."

Decter, Podhoretz, Kirkpatrick, Abrams—even Wattenberg and Ranney, the doubters—all are persuaded that Ronald Reagan is no monster. Each says that this new perception does not so much represent change on their part as on Reagan's. They were very impressed with Reagan's acceptance speech, and even more, with the Republican convention speech delivered by Representative Jack Kemp of New York—a speech that promised growth without inflation, greater opportunity for poor people, the rearming of America, and a respect (this was really music) for the power of ideas. These people are moving, albeit reluctantly. If Reagan can manage to say nice things about the labor movement, my guess is that he'll have them this November. And if Reagan should then appoint Henry Jackson secretary of state or secretary of defense, he will have them thereafter. Irving Kristol is already on the other side of the great partisan historical divide, dusting off sofas in the Republican salon of the future.

Morton Kondracke

A gentle analyst of power.

Hans Morgenthau

Hans Morgenthau was my teacher. And he was my friend. I must say that at the outset because so many obituaries have stressed his disagreement with policies with which I have become identified. We knew each other for a decade and a half before I entered office. We remained in sporadic contact while I served the government. We saw more of each other afterward.

It is not often that one can identify a seminal figure in contemporary political thought or in one's own life. Hans Morgenthau made the study of contemporary international relations a major discipline. All of us who taught the subject after him, however much we differed from one another, had to start with his reflections. Not everybody agreed with Hans Morgenthau, but nobody could ignore him. We remained close through all the intellectual upheavals and disputes of two and a half decades.

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Establishing international relations as a discipline was not an easy matter in the United States. For the temptation to treat the subject by analogy to our domestic experience was overwhelming. There existed in America a well-developed literature on international law that saw international relations in terms of legal processes. There was a pragmatic tradition of solving issues that arose "on their merits." There was the belief in America's moral mission that had produced both isolationism and, later on, global involvement.

Morgenthau sought to transcend all these disparate tendencies. He was passionately convinced that peace was a statesman's noblest objective, but he did not believe that this yearning alone would avoid war. He was a liberal in his political view but he thought his convictions required not simply an affirmation but sufficient stability at least to enable man's humane aspirations to prevail. He was willing to confront the political leader's fundamental dilemma—that moral aims can be reached only in stages, each of which is imperfect. Morality provides the compass course, the inner strength to face the ambiguities of choice.

So Hans set out to understand what he considered the "real" world of international politics, not as he would like it to be, but as he found it. His seminal work, *Politics Among Nations*, analyzed international relations in terms of power and national interest. He believed that a proper understanding of the national interest would illuminate a country's possibilities as well as dictate the limits of its aspirations.

Hans was much criticized for his alleged amorality in those days. His critics did not understand him. Being himself passionate, he did not trust passion as the regulator of conduct. Being committed to peace, he was prepared to enter the cold world of power politics to achieve it.

In the 1960s, Hans proved that he was beyond the manipulation of military calculations. He opposed the war in Vietnam when it was still supported by all fashionable opinion. In 1966 he and I debated the issue in *Look* magazine. He considered America overextended, the war unwinnable, the stakes not worth the cost. I maintained that the size of our commitment had determined our stake, that we had an obligation to seek our way out of the morass through negotiation rather than unconditional abandonment of the enterprise. He was right in his analysis, probably in his policy conclusions as applied to 1966. Three years later—quite unexpectedly—I was faced with the problem as a policy maker. We both stuck to our convictions.

I will not debate their ultimate merit here. But I think it is important to understand that we shared almost identical premises. We both believed America was overextended; we both sought a way out of the dilemma. Hans wanted to cut the Gordian knot in one dramatic move; I chose a different route. But we were both in a way lonely among our associates. Hans is not correctly understood as a protester. He was a teacher trying to bring home to his beloved adopted country the limits of its power, just as earlier he had insisted on its central role. Through all these disagreements I never ceased admiring him or remembering the profound intellectual debt I owed him.

With the end of the war, our paths became increasingly parallel again, though I do not wish to burden Hans's memory with the army of my critics. Hans remained always himself: clear in his perception, uncompromising in his insistence on getting to the essence of a problem. He meant much to me.

A word must be said about Hans as a human being. Few eminent men correspond to their images. Hans made his reputation as an analyst of power, but he was a gentle, loving man. He was a great teacher, yet quite shy. He had a marvelous, slightly sardonic sense of humor which never stooped to the malicious. Yet he was slightly tentative—at least in his dealings with me—in showing this side of himself. He would make a witty remark with an absolutely straight face, peering from behind his bushy eyebrows to see what the response would be. Only when he saw that his sally had been understood would his whole face crease in the smile of a mischievous little boy. He was a lovable man.

Hans Morgenthau was deeply conscious of his Jewish heritage. He knew that no people was more likely to be the victim of injustice and passion. He thus felt a special obligation to resist intolerance and hatred. And he understood that in this battle he must never stoop to the methods he was combatting. He was a noble man.

I saw Hans for the last time at breakfast a few weeks ago. He had grown quite frail, though mentally he was as alert as ever. His professorship at the New School had just ended. He spoke of how much teaching meant to him. Everyone must feel he makes a difference to the world, he said. And his vocation was teaching, which he hoped to continue. I told him that he already had made a

Castro Convertible

CASTRO BERATES U.S. ON AID TO NICARAGUA

—*The New York Times*, July 20

Castro Praises U.S. for Support Of Nicaraguans

—*The Washington Post*, July 20

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big difference to the world; he did not have to prove himself constantly. He did not quite believe it. His life was his work. As he said on another occasion, he saw no sense in extending the one by cutting down on the other.

We promised to meet regularly. It was not to be. He settled our little dialogue by his sudden death. There would be no gap between Hans Morgenthau's life and his work; he had made a difference.

And the nature of that difference is best shown in the sorrow of his friends and in the fact that all who remember Hans Morgenthau recall his passion for justice, his fertile intellect, his warmth, and his honesty. It will be a lonelier world without him.

Henry Kissinger

Henry Kissinger is the author of *White House Years* (Little, Brown).

Numbering Begin's days.

Restive Israel

The recent attack, presumably by Jews, against three West Bank mayors in retaliation for the Hebron massacre was broadly condemned by the Israeli public. Instead of the hosannahs that acclaim PLO exploits in Arab capitals, the government set out to discover and punish the guilty. Except for a minuscule lunatic fringe, no defenders of Jewish counter-terror were in evidence. Yet the emotional reaction to the episode was oddly muted, perhaps because of the sanctimonious shock at Israel's fall from grace expressed in the media.

The WestBank tragedy did not capture the mood of the Israeli public as much as the response to the simultaneous kidnapping of a small boy for ransom. Israelis turned on the hourly radio news with nerve-racking frequency. "Has the child been found?" (The body of the child was discovered some weeks later.) This was the first kidnapping for money in Israel's history and the country mourned not only for the child but its soul. "What is happening to us?" Israelis asked. At a time when the UN was engaging in further anti-Israel resolutions—an automatic rite of passage that Israelis have learned to disregard—and the European Economic Community was actively promoting a pro-PLO initiative, the average citizen kept asking, "what of the child?" before turning wearily to the latest instance of international betrayal.

Have Israelis become "idiots" in the etymological sense, provincial folk of limited outlook? Hardly. But there is no escaping the sense of abandonment, the awareness that in the geopolitical contest set in motion by Arab oil and petro-billions, the destiny of Israel has become increasingly problematic insofar as it depends on the support of the West. American waffling on the question of the PLO has not helped. This sense of isolation, of being on one's own, is nothing new. In 1948 the young state was left to fend for itself against invading Arab armies. In 1967 Prime Minister Eshkol's pleas in the face of Nasser's blockade and encircling Arab armies went unheard. The scars of Israel's costly victory in 1973 are still unhealed. But in the past, whatever the astronomic odds, Israel's morale was high.

Since the trauma of the Yom Kippur War, culminating in the defeat of Labor and the election of Begin, Israel does not appear to have regained the extraordinary psychic resilience shown in former crises. It is not only the battle fatigue to which a small, beleaguered country may well succumb. Rather there is a loss of direction. The brief euphoria of the Camp David accords has long evaporated in the face of Sadat's escalating demands, particularly in regard to Jerusalem, and of Begin's unconcealed yearning for the annexation of the West Bank. Paradoxically, most Israelis are more disturbed by the disarray within the country than by the growing cabal of their foes. Or, to put it more accurately, they were more troubled by the failure to reach a consensus for a viable peace than by the possible threat of another war, though they do not think one imminent. They still stubbornly cling to the belief that they would win another war, despite the bristling arsenals of their enemies now being furnished with American as well as Soviet arms.

The disaffection with the government shown by the withdrawal of such popular figures as Dayan and Ezer Weizman, as well as the thoroughly publicized squabbling within the Begin Cabinet, have dispelled any illusion that a firm hand is at the helm or that a rational policy is being pursued. Extremist declarations about the holy right to Judea and Samaria now are interpreted correctly as evidence of fanaticism rather than of strength. Yet despite the pervading disgust with the government, Begin is able to hold on because not only his followers but the members of his crumbling coalition know that they will forfeit their Knesset seats in a new election. Embarrassingly frequent public demands that deputy premier Yigael Yadin depart so as to enable the opposition to topple the government are met by his stout assurance that the alternative would be worse.

Unfortunately, the Labor "alternative" fails to rouse wholehearted enthusiasm largely because it, too, is torn by inner wrangling. Nothing could be more ill timed than the present demeaning strife between the adherents of Shimon Peres, the acknowledged party leader, and Rabin, who has become his challenger. While Rabin appears to be motivated by considerable personal rancor—he blames Peres for his fall—the fact that the spiritual heirs of the recently deceased Yigal Allon have thrown the support of their branch of the kibbutz movement to Rabin gives a spurious ideological cast to the rivalry. Whatever nuances of ideological difference may exist between the two, they are too slight to warrant the present rift in the Labor party. The ongoing contention only contributes to the vexation of those who want to see the energy of Labor expended on formulating economic

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and foreign policies needed to halt Begin's calamitous course on both fronts. Instead, the nerves of the public are being further frayed by what one Israeli journalist has described as the "suicide syndrome" of the Labor alignment. If the elections were held today, according to the polls, Labor would win an absolute majority in the Knesset for the first time in Israel's history. But should the current dissension result in the presentation of additional party lists at the next election, then the country may be afflicted with a Labor plurality too slim to govern without a debilitating coalition.

At the same time it is unwise to underestimate the potential for trouble represented by Begin's true believers—the Gush Emunim zealots. Tekoah, a tiny outpost of the faithful on a barren hilltop some miles from Bethlehem in the West Bank, consists of 25 young families (about 100 people, of whom half are small children) who live in a few ramshackle houses. Their spokesman was no rambunctious Rabbi Yamin Levinger of the larger Kiryat Arba (see Amos Elon, "Mad Settlers on the West Bank," *TNR*, April 21, 1979). Instead, a soft-spoken graduate of a Brooklyn college, reinforced by an intelligent, articulate young woman, also the product of a New York college, presented their case with the unassertive conviction of the self-evident: Tekoah, where Amos once prophesied, was no kibbutz; its inhabitants believed in private enterprise, and most worked in Jerusalem. They were in Tekoah to establish their right to live peaceably in the land of their fathers. They had chosen this dangerous, isolated spot in the spirit of classic Zionist pioneering. There was no use in arguing the difference between reclaiming marshland purchased by the Jewish National Fund from eager Arab landowners and settling in occupied territory against the will of the population. A puzzled American professor, trying to bring the exposition down to earth, asked, "What do you hope and what do you foresee?" The young man's answer was beyond debate: "What I hope, I foresee."

Even in Jerusalem, the Gush Emunim penchant for "creating facts" was being grimly emulated by poor families of Oriental Jews who set up a tent city on unoccupied land. The Ohelim (tent-dwellers) pointedly called themselves Ohel Moreh, in parody of the Gush Emunim settlement of Elon Moreh that had been pronounced illegal by Israeli courts. Yamin Suissa, the leader of the squatters, demanded better housing, and satirically described himself as Yamin Levinger, again in parody of the notorious rabbi. The Ohelim crisis was defused by the promise of immediate housing. But the portents are clear. Just as the kibbutzim were protesting the diversion of scarce funds for the establishment of provocative outposts in the West Bank, to the detriment of agricultural settlements in Galilee and the Negev, underpopulated areas of Israel, so disadvantaged urban slum dwellers were beginning to protest expenditures on dubious ventures near Nablus or even Tekoah when families in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem lacked decent homes. These Oriental Jews were among Begin's chief supporters in 1977.

At a luncheon to celebrate the installation of a new

drawing of "Guard at Entrance to Wailing Wall" from the forthcoming *People of Old Jerusalem* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) by Papas. @ 1978 by William Papas.

mukhtar in a West Bank village near Jerusalem, the new mukhtar promptly asked representatives of the Jerusalem municipality present for a new road and for an enlarged allotment of water to wash corpses before burial at the local cemetery. At the conclusion of the ceremony, a fiery-eyed youth, son of the mukhtar, came in and was duly presented to the company. The youth was said to have been investigated for possible collaboration with the PLO, as had been the son of the chief Arab representative in the Jerusalem administration, a cultivated civil servant of moderate views who assured me that peace between Arab and Jew was inevitable. "It will take time." Arab compliments to the absent Mayor Teddy Kollek were both profuse and unmistakably sincere. The extent of Kollek's popularity in all Jerusalem may be gauged by the fact that he survived, with a minimum of damage, his startlingly undiplomatic assertion in the United States that Begin was "philosophically" responsible for the West Bank attack. Israelis, no matter how savagely they assail their government, do not take kindly to adverse criticism outside of Israel. Why provide ammunition to unscrupulous foes?

A meeting with a spokesman of Shalom Achshav, Peace Now, showed the other side of the coin. Peace Now's program of opposition to settlements in the West Bank and its emphasis on negotiation rather than territory are familiar. Its platform closely resembles that of Labor except that Peace Now would be prepared to go farther than Labor in withdrawing from unpopulated territory that Labor considers essential to security. The movement has considerable support in Israel. But the young social scientist's convincing exposition ended with a painful admission: "Our trouble is that we have no corresponding group to talk to. If only there were a Peace Now among the Palestinians."

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Despite the wild inflation, the palpable discontent, life goes on. Weddings are celebrated, the restaurants are crowded, and young men and women—some from the United States—are still reclaiming the Negev in remote kibbutzim regardless of Begin's perverse priorities. There is no mistaking the country's impatience. Sick of Begin, worried by the unpredictable fantasies of strong man Arik Sharon, the minister of agriculture who wants to be minister of defense, the majority of Israelis clamorously seek a change. People want a government that will come forward with a reasonable program for peace without forfeiting Israel's security. This means territorial compromise on the West Bank. Not that Israelis have any illusions about the magic power of any concessions. They know that none are likely to sate the appetite of the PLO for Israel's liquidation. Nevertheless, most Israelis want to be liberated from the need to uphold policies they cannot defend in good conscience and whose hypothetical realization would endanger the Jewish and democratic character of the state through the incorporation of a million hostile Arabs. Despite daily evidence of a cynically venal international community, Israelis want to face the world with a program whose fairness and pragmatism will enlist the support of those not wholly seduced by Arab oil. Barring Arab aggression or another manifestation of Labor's "suicide syndrome," the period of Likud's tenure appears to be drawing to an end.

Marie Syrkin

Marie Syrkin is the author, most recently, of *The State of the Jews* (New Republic Books).

The brave new politics of changing your mind.

Born Again Bland

by Henry Fairlie

That the three men who are most likely to be presidential candidates this year all describe themselves as born-again Christians may be only a bizarre coincidence. But there are factors which incline one to take their evangelical bent more seriously, not only for what it may tell of their characters, but also for the light it throws on the present state of opinion in America.

Jimmy Carter was able to draw heavily on evangelical support in 1976, which strengthened him in the south and in rural areas. Elsewhere in the country, his willingness to talk of his religion may have repelled some, but it attracted more. His religiosity tempted other candidates to emulate him, until it seemed that all were falling to their knees at factory gates at dawn, just in time for their devotions to be caught by the "Today Show." Never had the Lord received so many collect calls. Had not Billy Graham said of Carter that it was refreshing "to have candidates come along and talk about their devotion to God"?

This year the evangelical support is tipping, among whites at least, to Ronald Reagan. He is the true messenger for whom they have waited. The transfer of allegiance to him seems to be general. There surely has been no such mass conversion since a Chinese general baptized his army with a hose.

But it is a mistake to represent the evangelical movement as unified or monolithic, although it is bigger and some branches of it are better organized than in 1976 to exert pressure on the candidates. "Evangelical Vote is a Major Target" was the headline in the *New York Times* to the findings of a survey conducted for it and CBS News a month ago. It could as well have read "Candidates are Major Target of Evangelicals." Today's evangelicals are openly political. They are a grassroots pressure group, resourceful in their support of or opposition to single propositions, and in exploiting single-issue politics at both the local and national levels.

Evangelicals generally are more conservative than other Americans. Protestant evangelicals are more conservative than Catholic evangelicals. Catholics who say that they are born again are more conservative than Catholics who do not claim to be in this state. White evangelicals are more conservative than black evangelicals. This one-sided influence has pulpits and radio, television and riches at its disposal every week of the year. It also can call forth the zealotry of those who believe that they have a mission to save the world.

The Moral Majority, the organization led by the Reverend Jerry Falwell, is "a big, growing movement," says state representative Donald L. Totten, the chairman of Reagan's campaign in Illinois. "They are becoming much more politically active and have helped us out quite a bit. They're great. They do a lot of the work you have trouble finding people to do because they see it as a mission." The Moral Majority is organized in 48 states. It had its greatest success in June, when the Moral Majority of Alaska

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elected all of its 19 delegates to the Republican convention, each of them committed to Reagan.

But there is another disquieting aspect of the phenomenon. Not only did Carter in 1976 successfully exploit the fact that he is a born-again Christian, but his religious experience is essential to understanding his performance since then; and although neither Reagan nor John Anderson may suffer from the affliction so virulently, the commonly claimed experience may point to personality traits which also are common to them. Some conversions apparently involve the destruction of one personality and its replacement by another, and this may partly account for the lack of strong and persisting convictions in all three of the candidates. They seem able to live with contradictions and dramatic changes in their beliefs which would be disturbing to most people. They are also all facile in explaining these changes. It is a matter less of self-delusion (although the born-again may be peculiarly given to that) than of a form of self-dissociation. We are asked to distinguish them from what they have said or done: we should take them on trust.

Many have commented on Carter's ability to dissociate himself from his own administration and policies. He came out of the hospital in Fort Wayne saying that Vernon Jordan often had disagreed with his administration. As Joseph Kraft has pointed out, Jordan's criticisms have been directed not at the administration but at Carter himself. He had made such a criticism just before he was shot; Carter at once transferred it to his administration. Carter can say two opposite things in a single day and be unfazed by it because he can dissociate himself from both. Reagan is no less imperturbable when one of his blunders is pointed out, as if it was just part of a script which he happened to be reading but for which he was not responsible. Reagan the Democrat-turned-Republican, Anderson the Republican-turned-independent, Carter with no strong political allegiance at all: indeed, they all may have been born again, since they go on reshaping themselves before our very eyes whenever it seems expedient to them. They are lightweights because they are emptied men.

If these three men usually seem to have been infected only mildly, so the present-day evangelicals do not usually sound like their predecessors at the beginning of the century, or even those of the 1950s epidemic. There are fitful attempts to ban schoolbooks that are willful enough to describe theories of evolution, but there is not going to be a new Scopes trial. The need for a holy crusade against communism is preached, but there will not be a resurgence of McCarthyism. Issues that once seared souls are now given only a banal expression. "I don't think it right for women to wear pants," said one Stephanie Duncan, aged 14, at Falwell's "I Love America" rally at Springfield, Illinois, last May. "The Bible says that women should be, you know, feminine," she added, which is surely a candy-floss lesson to have been taught from the Scriptures. Many of those today who swell the numbers of the evangelicals are *into* evangelism, even if not into pants, and this apparent dilution of the faith was a concern at the Southern Baptist Conference earlier this year.

No evangelical is now going to preach as did Billy Sunday or George McReady. None is going to be heard talking like Dr. Henry Fosdick, when he spoke of "garlic-smelling, bomb-throwing, unassimilated immigrants." None is going to proclaim, as Billy James Hargis did in the 1950s, that racial segregation is "one of Nature's universal laws"; or greet the nomination of Reagan, as he welcomed that of Goldwater in 1964, as "the coming of the millennium." None will play such an embittered and embittering role in organizations such as the John Birch Society as did Carl McIntire—or use his kind of language when he proclaimed: "Thank God, I will view the battle of Armageddon from the grandstand seats of heaven. All who are born again will see the Battle of Armageddon, but it will be from the skies." They avoid anything that might cause embarrassment, exactly as did Reagan and his followers at the Republican convention.

Unlike the fundamentalists of the past, Falwell and those like him are operators. He would no more refuse the title of one of God's operators than any of the labels one might fix on him—God's advance man, God's PR man, God's press secretary, God's media adviser, God's talk-show host. "Johnny Carson has set us a standard," one of the programmers for the Christian Broadcasting Network has said. Not Elijah or Isaiah or Amos. Not a nut like John the Baptist, half-crazed, divinely crazed, wandering in the desert. "Do not spend time praying on the air," is one of Falwell's rules for the evangelist, which is a rather jolly thing to say. Do not cast thy bread upon the waters, but cast it upon the television screen, and then thou wilt find it in many days. And thy reward, to keep thee going, wilt first be on earth. It is hardly a surprise that, with prophecy such as this, the evangelicals now seem tame indeed.

What Falwell advocates—and this is the basis of evangelical influence in politics as well—is evangelism through saturation by radio and television, by telephone and cassette, by printing and direct mailing. No method of saturation is overlooked. "Bumper stickers are an effective means of promotion. They imply relevancy and recency [*sic*]." Nor is the population going to be saturated free of charge. Such a campaign is costly. This saturation—no dousing by a poor fisherman in God's own water—needs funding. It is to be funded by what Falwell calls "choice financing." The born-again must turn out their pockets. "Christ has not captured a man's heart, until He has your pocketbook." Today's preachers do not tell their disciples to throw away their worldly possessions. That would be an ungodly waste.

So the money pours in. The Christian Broadcasting Network in Virginia spends tens of millions of dollars on air time; it is nothing for the Trinity Broadcasting Network in California to raise more than six million dollars from a single telethon. "We can't really be taken seriously," says the Reverend M.G. Robertson of CBN, "unless we're a billion-dollar-a-year operation"—which is in the same range as any of the three national television

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drawing by Vint Lawrence

networks. All of this money is available for preaching politics as well as the gospel, as when Falwell telecast his "I Love America" rally at the height of the primaries on a national network, with its clear message that Reagan is the evangelist America needs.

Falwell says that he is a fundamentalist, but one would hardly know it from his sermons or his manner, as the message is muted for television. The most common expression on his face is one of untroubled and worldly self-satisfaction. Those who are interested in what the medium does to the message need only listen to some of the evangelical preachers on the radio. The rhetoric of fire and brimstone, the damnation of sinners, is as resounding on radio as ever. But you cannot stoke the fires of hell in the kind of talk-show studio that Falwell has constructed in his church basement in Lynchburg, Virginia. You have to cool it. You cannot talk of Armageddon from a comfortable armchair, with two indoor plants behind it instead of a gaunt cross. You cannot convincingly say that the Day of Judgment is nearing when you speak with as little fear and trembling as Dinah Shore. Television is unable to carry so hot a message.

But evangelism still holds to the main elements of fundamentalism: the pre-millenarianism which awaits the Final Judgment after the defeat of the Antichrist; a literal reading of the Bible; the religious nationalism which sees America as called to overthrow Satan, wearing the face of communism now as once of Kaiserism. But as this fundamentalism has been watered down into evangelism, so evangelism is now weakened into self-improvement. One of the results is that we grow less alert to the danger of what is being preached.

The language of the new evangelism is commonplace. We resisted the huge breakers of an earlier fundamentalism; the gentle wash of today's version merely laps at our sensibilities. The fundamentalism of the 1920s linked the demons of drink, corruption in high places, bolshevism, liberal criticism of the Bible, immorality, crime in the big cities, evolution, and the weakness of the United States in the face of world conspiracy. It was all so preposterous in its language that Mencken was only the voice of our common outrage. But today the voice is so bland that we shrug off the lumping together of pornography, the Equal Rights Amendment, homosexuality, corruption in high places, drugs, crime in the big cities, divorce, the decline of the family, affirmative action, and the weakness of the United States in the face of world conspiracy. This linking of different pheomena is one of the characteristics of today's neoconservatives. I agree again and again with the individual assaults made by Midge Decter, one of the most eloquent and much-needed voices raised against many of today's trends. But I part company with her when she sees these trends as a manifestation of a threat as general as the Antichrist. It is this linkage that gave fundamentalism its bile and vicious intolerance, and it is the same linkage that still is there behind the blandness of the new evangelism, which many neoconservative intellectuals seem ready to legitimize.

The times also have changed in ways that soften the rhetoric. There are no Sacco and Vanzettis as there were

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in the 1920s. There are no Rosenbergs as there were in the 1950s. "Communism" does not now hiss with the same venomous hints of conspiracy as "bolshevism." America has not "lost" China; it has "gained" China, if anything, and "lost" only Taiwan; and not even a fundamentalist can equate them. There is no treachery in the State Department, only the wishy-washiness of Carter's recruits, and flat-footedness in the White House. Not even the most rabid anti-Communist finds the same kind of connections in the threat of the Soviet Union as were found in Germany as the home both of a world conspiracy and the liberal criticism of the Bible. Even at home, pornography is lamented, but not pursued to prohibition. "We live in an age of immorality," says Falwell, but there is no zealotry in hounding it down. We are therefore inclined to pass over today's evangelism as if it were only an eccentric and quaint survival of old-time America. It is part of our nostalgia, our camp, one of our roots.

But the poison is no less deadly because it is sweetened. The most telling fact about the "I Love America" rally in Springfield was that it turned into a demonstration against the ERA. It was one of the most successful shows that Falwell has organized yet, held after a committee of the Illinois House had resolved to ratify the ERA, and just before the full House voted on the issue. The full House defeated it. Are we to say that the timing of the rally had no influence? State legislators did not dare to stay away, and the pro-ERA legislators were almost physically pinned to the walls of the Capitol. They heard Christy Robert, aged 27, of Rockford, Illinois, make the kind of connection which is the spear of the new evangelism. "Read Webster's dictionary," he said. "That's what the Supreme Court uses to define sex. And tell me that the ratification of the ERA doesn't open the door to gay rights." The pro-ERA legislators felt their flesh creep, and went away to crawl into their holes.

Because the voice is so bland, we hardly pay attention to the words and their substance, yet they carry the same message as before. Jerry Falwell is bringing out a new book, *Listen America!*, which is an election-year political tract. It is a call for "a coalition of God-fearing, moral Americans to represent our convictions to our government." It is what lies behind the platform that was accepted without debate at Detroit. "We need in America today powerful, dynamic, and godly leadership." Godly leadership is male leadership. The collapse of "male leadership in our families is affecting male leadership in our churches, and it is affecting male leadership in our society." There may no longer be Communists and traitors in the State Department, but the Pentagon is "under the complete control of avid supporters of the women's liberation movement," he quotes a favorite brigadier general as saying. "Members of various women's organizations such as NOW have been placed in positions of authority who formulate and direct policies concerning US military posture." This is not comparable to my own timid doubts about the enrollment of women in the military academies. This is the discovery again of a conspiracy, as insinuating as treachery.

The conspiracy touches all the subjects he discusses, from "Family—The Basic Unit" to "The Feminist Movement" to "Homosexuality" to "Pornography" to "Drugs and Alcohol" and so to the decline of American power, "The Rise and Fall of Empires," "The Threat of Communism," and "A Faltering National Defense." Why did Rome fall? "In order to accommodate the women who clamored for more rights, new marriage contracts were designed, including 'open marriages.' . . . A father's authority was lost first to the village, then to the city, next to the state, and finally to the empire."

This is the path down which America is now going. Who believes this rubbish? The answer: a large proportion of the increasing members of the born-again Christians, the overwhelming majority of the delegates at the Republican convention, and all those who have carried Reagan to the threshold of power, and would use his victory to lend authority to their views and policies.

They are all so polished up for television that we look upon them tolerantly and humorously. Then we wake up one morning to find that not only has the Moral Majority captured the Republican delegation in Alaska, but here and there all over the country there have been telltale victories. Richard Reeves dug out the Reverend Gene Keith, pastor of the Southside Baptist Church in Gainesville, Florida, a candidate for the Florida Senate from that city, who urged members of his flock to run for the county Democratic committee. The result: of the 42 contested seats, all 42 were won by members of his congregation. The influence he can exercise from the pulpit propelled the Reverend Robert L. Torburn into the Virginia General Assembly in 1977; this year he may capture the Eighth Congressional District of Virginia from a moderate Republican. This is no longer a phenomenon of one region. The name of the Southern Baptist Conference becomes almost a misnomer as it advances rapidly in other regions of the country.

"God told my husband to run for this seat," says the wife of the Reverend Keith. Unfortunately, the same explanation of political success is supplied at the highest level. Billy James Hargis said that Goldwater's nomination in 1964 was "one of God's blessings to Christian conservatives." Martin Luther King Sr. said at the Democratic convention in 1976: "Surely the Lord sent Jimmy Carter to come out and bring back America where she belongs." Just this March, in Melbourne, Florida, the master of ceremonies at a Reagan rally said: "This invocation is because we're thankful God created Ronald Reagan." John Anderson so far supplies his own recommendations of divine inspiration, and seems scarcely to need a chorus to assist in his now familiar plainsong. What one fears in all this is that the confidence which all lack as practical politicians is compensated for by an unreasonable confidence in their personal calling.

It is a confidence which is all the more untrustworthy because it has no strong ground and no real source. The fundamentalists' literal interpretation of the Bible has been transformed in the new evangelicals more and more

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into their own personal interpretations of it. When he was asked in 1976, "Possibly you believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?," Carter replied: "I don't think everything in the Bible is literally true. I don't think the earth was created in seven days as we know days now, and I reserve the right to make my own interpretation." He reserves the right to believe, one might say, that Jonah swallowed the whale; and one has the feeling that this explains, as much as anything, his ability to stand his own statements on their heads. There is an endless opportunity for self-delusion, an unnerving ability to persuade oneself of one's own right choosing, which is to some extent detectable in all three candidates, a steadfast commitment to their own unsteady vacillations. There are the empty barrels of their convictions; there is the hollow sound that comes from striking them.

Together . . . a new beginning.

At the Republican Convention

by John Sayles

"You talk about a political move," says the driver of the rent-a-car shuttle, "just look at these Republicans sticking their convention here. Like the UAW is going to back them all of a sudden."

"What's wrong with Detroit?"

"Outside of Cleveland, maybe some places in New Jersey, it's the ugliest city in the world. Lived here all my life."

Detroit's renaissance appears to be about three blocks deep, which doesn't concern the Republican delegates as they climb out of their shuttle buses on the riverfront behind Cobo Hall. The civic effort being made is tremendous. Downtown Detroit is like a theme park open just this one week. Everything—the friendly cops, the ethnic food festival, the sunny weather and clean streets—is in a special little time and reality warp, untouched by the world. It is the perfect environment for the Republican convention.

"How's your hotel?" one delegate asks another.

"Motel."

"Oh."

"They got us way out in the outlands somewhere."

"Least you're not in Canada."

"I hear that's not so bad. We got a nice pool."

"You need a pool, weather like this."

"We had a caucus out there and everything. Where are you people at?"

"The Book-Cadillac."

"The great big one, just up the street?"

"Uh-huh."

"How'd you-all rate that?"

"Lord, I don't know."

"Bet Connally had something to do with it."

"Wouldn't be surprised. We aren't complaining any."

Cobo Hall seems utilitarian next to the flash of the Joe Louis Arena. There are rooms set aside for seminars and caucuses, receptions and press conferences. The bottom floor is a huge, hangar-like room partitioned into work areas by yellow dropcloths hung from pipes. There is an air of emergency relief about the set-up, but instead of boat people or flood victims lying on cots there are thousands of typewriters on tables and desks, thousands of telephones, and thousands of leaflets and booklets and maps and press releases stacked around and tacked up. There is an area where flashing a press card will get you a free cold ham sandwich and a beer. There are thousands of reporters watching TV monitors, wading through press releases, and, in flurries, working at the thousands of typewriters. Nothing has happened yet.

A dozen members of a delegation walk along the river to the arena for the opening session. It is a hot morning. They all wear buttons the size of giant Famous Amos chocolate chip cookies. The buttons have a picture of a cowboy on them.

"I worked my butt to the nub in the primary," says a delegate. "I figure this trip is my payoff."

"After we win and our man's policies go through, that's supposed to be the payoff."

"We'll see."

"You think our man can lose?"

The delegate shakes his head. "Never underestimate the gullibility of the American people. That's what all your big advertising agencies were made on."

"I've got more faith in them than that."

"I hope so. But it's going to be some job getting the message through their skulls."

John Sayles is the author of *Union Dues*, a novel, and *The Anarchists' Convention*, a collection of short stories, both published by Atlantic Monthly Press.

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You can't miss with a basic red, white, and blue motif at a political convention. Joe Louis Arena has been facelifted a bit, the major addition being the three glass-faced network broadcasting booths that hang out over the upper decks like enormous scoreboards. From the floor you can see the backs of heads you've never seen the backs of before: Reynolds, Cronkite, Chancellor, and Brinkley.

"They look bigger than the people up there who aren't in the booth, don't they honey? See? Is that 'cause the glass magnifies them?"

"No," says the husband, embarrassed to be caught rubbernecking, "they're just closer to the light."

The delegations are wearing their colors. The Hawaiians are in rusty-hued shirts with a palm-fan print, Minnesotans in blue blazers, Nebraskans in red and white checked shirts and caps, and the Maine delegation wear bright yellow sou'westers on their heads. There are lots of delegations in cowboy hats—white cowboy hats, dark blue cowboy hats, sky blue cowboy hats, flowered and buttoned and banded.

"Jesus," says a reporter, "it looks like the Calgary Stampede down there."

Pat Boone leads the pledge of allegiance. Chancellor and Brinkley stand and face the glass for the pledge and the singing of the national anthem. Glenn Campbell and Tanya Tucker give it a country twang. Coleman Young, the Democratic mayor of Detroit, is introduced to take too long in welcoming everybody to the city. The convention grows restless.

"I think he looks like Redd Foxx."

"No he doesn't. That's just 'cause he's black."

"I think he does. How's this Lugar supposed to be?"

"I heard him speak in person once. He wasn't anything to write home about."

"There 's Connie Chung."

"Who?"

"There."

"Oh. Yeah. Who?"

"Connie Chung."

"The Oriental girl?"

"Right there, see?"

"She's pretty, isn't she?"

"Yeah."

"So who is she?"

Rick Abbell, chairman of the Young Republican National Federation, gets some of the focus back with his brief speech. He has mastered the Young Republican speaking style, one notch above stridency and one below hysteria. The reporters in the press section smile as Abbell hits a high note.

"Ah youth," says a reporter wearing a suit and jogging shoes. He is in his early 30s and doesn't carry a notepad.

Nelda Barton gives a wandering speech on the elderly and the delegates wander with it. Delegates begin to signal their alternates for a credential trade. They go out to the refreshment stands on the walkaround for a hot dog and a Strohs and acquaint themselves with fellow Convention members. The voice from the podium fades into the background.

"Where have you two been?"

"We went over to see the people from Nebraska."

"The ones in the checkered shirts?"

"They're good people."

"Who do they want for the second spot?"

"Eisenhower."

"Don't be funny."

"They're good people."

"They look like tractor drivers with those hats."

"So what have you been doing?"

The women sigh. "We just been sitting here," says one. "Just waiting for something to cheer about."

The closing gavel is a relief. The news people are not thrilled with the morning's effort.

"Damn Republicans," says one. "This is going to be like pulling teeth."

The California delegation walks back to its hotel, strung out along the water in small groups, adjusting their white cowboy hats against the sun. A camera crew from a local TV station shadows them for several hundred yards, walking backward and shooting.

"I think it's a waste of money," says a woman with an "I'm From Reagan Country" banner slipped on over her dress.

"It's their money," says her companion.

"All of this filming and all these interviews and it never gets on."

"Some of it does."

"Well, I never see it."

"They've only got so much air time."

"Not the real stuff. It never gets on."

"Well they pick what *they* want to show."

"That's the trouble."

"I saw that one, that awful one who's on 'Sixty Minutes.'"

"Mike Wallace."

"No, not him. The second-worst one."

"Dan Rather?"

"I saw him on the floor. He looks old in person."

"They all do."

"I don't *like* him. I just can't forgive him for what he did to Mr. Nixon."

"He *pushed* him, didn't he?"

"No, that was Ziegler. He looked like he was mad about something, Rather."

"He ought to be. Ronnie gets in they'll have to shut their traps and behave."

Billy Graham gives the invocation to begin the Monday evening session. There are scattered cheers as delegates recognize their colleagues in the "Who Are The Delegates?" film projected on a screen that descends from the ceiling. William Milliken, constantly referred to by local newscasters as "Michigan's popular governor," welcomes people to his state. The consensus in the alternate section is that he seems like an awful nice guy but lacks punch.

"His wife is for ERA," says an alternate.

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"So's Reagan's daughter," says her neighbor.

"That's not the same. It's a wife's duty—I don't think it's respectful. She's only fouling up his chances."

"You wonder *why*, don't you?"

"Well, some women just have to get themselves in the limelight, no matter what it costs."

Another alternate leans down to inform them that Milliken himself has supported the ERA. The first woman is visibly upset.

"But he's a *man*," she says. "He should know better."

The first heavy hitter of the evening is William Simon. Cigarette smoke drifts up into the lights in the NBC glass booth as the cameras switch from the anchormen to the podium. Simon's speech is a tough and simple hatchet job on the Carter administration, full of obvious metaphors strung together in simple one-two-three progressions. The convention loves it.

"He's an economic adviser, I think," says a delegate.

"It says here he was secretary of the Treasury."

"Like I said."

"I thought he was energy czar."

"That's not a Cabinet position, that's just news talk."

"He's very good. He ought to run for something."

"Our man gets in and he won't have to run."

"Listen to him go. Sock-it-to-'em!"

Donald Rumsfeld's defense speech is dry and academic in comparison, but his voice is strong enough to hold some attention. When Jerry and Betty Ford hit the podium, the convention goes bananas. Ford gives a Knute Rockne speech full of optimism and God and righteous indignation over the perception that Jimmy Carter has "given up on America." In the press section the reporters flip through copies of the speech. There is a lot of white space on the pages, a lot of two- and three-sentence paragraphs ending in a button line.

Wham! Ford hits a button and the convention cheers.

Wham! Wham! Wham!

Ford is sparking off power and confidence and a new kind of aggressiveness for him, as if four years of bile swallowed after his defeat by Carter is spewing out all at once. There is more than political rhetoric coming over the sound system. The convention feels it, and when the speech ends the delegates go bananas again.

"For a minute there," says one alternate to another as they clap in time to the Michigan fight song, "I forgot he wasn't our candidate."

"Hell," says his partner, "I forgot he wasn't our president."

After Ford leaves there is a Hispanic speaker and then the self-described "urban ethnic Republican mayor" of Providence, Rhode Island, but it is clear they've drawn the worst speaking slots on the bill. The real energy of the convention is gone and even the star-studded "Theme Presentation" can't bring it back as the night progresses.

"I'm not sure how I feel about all these celebrities in politics," says a delegate at the refreshment stand.

"They liven things up."

"Maybe, but it seems like fish out of water to me. Yo don't see government people out singing and dancing, d you?"

"They've got a right to make their contribution."

"They should make it with a check. I just think acto and singers and all should stay out of it."

"Lookit here," says a delegate, reading her program. ' didn't know Buddy Ebson was on our side."

The Tuesday session starts at five and there is a lot c business to slog through. The delegates are tired.

"Doesn't she look like Liz Taylor?"

"Who?"

"Up there. See?"

"Naw."

"She looks just like a picture I saw in a magazine. That what she looks like now."

"Naw. You're thinking of somebody else."

"You know what, that *is* Liz Taylor. She's married t this Warner who's speaking tonight."

"Naw."

"It is. It's her."

"She looks pissed off. Maybe she's a Democrat."

"Then why would she marry Warner?"

"He's a lot younger, isn't he?"

"I wonder if she makes campaign speeches?"

"Now what's this fella's name?"

"He isn't on the program."

"He's the one that forced his way in."

"How'd he do that?"

"NAACP pushed Reagan into it. They would hav made a big stink."

"Yeah. They seem kind of desperate these days."

"Huh?"

"They seem kind of desperate since King got shot Nobody listens to them anymore, not even the blacks."

"You think so?"

"I met this black fella, businessman, at the airport anc he said that it's just an empty shell."

"That's too bad."

"They asked for it."

"People need somebody to represent their interests."

"Well you don't do it by pushing your way into some body else's meeting."

It is fairly late in the evening when Barry Goldwater is introduced. His reception is as loud as Ford's with an added edge of defiance to it. "Barry—Your Truth is Marching On" says a banner held over the heads of the cheering delegates. Goldwater comes to the microphones on crutches, looking skeletal and ready for a fight.

"Is he okay?"

"Somebody said it's calcium deposits."

"My wife's aunt had that."

"Just think where we'd be if people had listened to him in '64."

"We'd have respect."

"We wouldn't have lost in Vietnam, that's for sure."

"There wouldn't *be* a Vietnam."

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The men laugh.

It is hot on the podium and Goldwater is in pain. Soon he is dripping sweat, laboring through a speech of hard observations and grave warnings. We may be in our latter days, he warns, unless the tide is turned.

"He's the conscience of the party."

"He's the conscience of the nation."

"Amen."

"If conscience didn't make people so uncomfortable he'd of had the Number One spot."

"Amen."

Goldwater is a tough act to follow. John Connally's quoting of Teddy Kennedy on Carter falls flat and the organized floor demonstration by Jack Kemp's supporters is less than stirring.

"He's a regular matinee idol," says a delegate of Kemp as he delivers a simple, strong speech. "His parents must be so proud."

There is no family feeling when Henry Kissinger takes the stand.

"Why'd they stick *him* on the roster?"

"They needed a foreign affairs specialist."

"Like I said, why'd they pick *him*?"

"I think he's got the goods on somebody," says an alternate.

"What?"

"Kissinger's got the goods on somebody. That's how he keeps getting hired."

"They say he's 'sposed to be brilliant."

"I think he's the type that's gonna work for whoever the front runner is. He says all these things, patriotism and all, but you can tell his heart isn't in it."

"That's just his accent."

"You can *tell*. I wouldn't trust him with my grocery list, much less our national defense."

"I don't think he'll be able to worm his way into the outfit we got now."

"Unless he's got the goods on somebody."

Kissinger's speech has its share of button lines but sacrifices snap for the appearance of rationality. When he finishes to polite applause, prime time has slipped away and Guy Vander Jagt's keynote address is postponed until the next session. The delegates leave with the joy of children released early from school.

Wednesday afternoon is full of rumors and counter-rumors.

"It's Ford," says a delegate. "I've got the inside poop."

"Is that constitutional?"

"Sure. They've got it worked out so Reagan handles all the domestic issues and Ford is overseas on the world front. I talked to a guy who's been over at the hotel where they're all staying and he says they're hammering it out."

"Reagan's going to give up all that power?"

"He'll have final say on things, but he'll—you know—delegate authority."

"That's a nice ticket."

"You bet it is. Democrats might as well throw in the towel."

"Our man looked pretty good last night." The delegate wears a Reagan/Kemp button.

"Very strong."

"I think he turned a lot of heads."

"Very strong."

"I think we've got the momentum on our side."

"If it was put to a vote. . . ."

"Well, we can't force Reagan's hand."

"We can try to guide it a little."

"I thought he made a very strong impression."

"There's always '84."

"You mean '88."

"Depends on Reagan's health."

"He'll go on forever."

"Yeah. I think if he doesn't let a bunch of polls or news stories turn his head our man will be a shoo-in."

"But he's a Trilateralist."

"Kissinger?"

"No, Bush."

"I didn't know that."

"And he's always been Rockefeller's man."

"*Bush?*"

"*Kissinger*. It was Rockefeller set the whole thing up. The Trilaterals. He's Rockefeller's man and he always has been."

"Rockefeller's gone."

"You think *that* makes a difference?"

A pair of young women wearing "Phil Crane for VP" T-shirts ride down the escalator in Cobo Hall.

"I don't think he's got a chance."

"That isn't fair."

"It's all been decided months ago."

"That isn't fair. They should at least let him give a speech or something."

"I'll tell you one thing. I feel pretty silly walking around in these T-shirts."

"Yeah."

"People keep coming up to ask who he is."

"Yeah. The T-shirt's got to go."

On Wednesday night business is hurried along to get to Vander Jagt's speech. It is a homey, folksy, corny flag-waving speech of the sort you hear on the Fourth of July. A woman in the press section begins to moan when he reaches the part about his father being a Dutch lad in wooden shoes arriving on the docks of Hoboken. The convention is lapping it up, looser tonight, a happy-hour buzz in the air. Vander Jagt gets a nice round of applause and then General Haig is up emphasizing our "Christian Judeo principles." The delegates are patient and happy knowing there is some heavy cheering in store, and when George Bush comes out his supporters rip loose.

"He's the one. I can tell—look at his face."

"I don't know."

"Well just listen to all this. It's twice as long as Kemp got. If it wasn't Bush they'd have put a lid on it by now."

Bush makes a brief, perfunctory speech and is off. The rumors fly. He just got the word it's not him, goes the

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most popular one; they told him on his way to the podium.

Ford's name bounces from delegation to delegation. Nevada puts Reagan's name into nomination and there is a big, kick-out demonstration. Reporters are swapping theories as the roll call begins, state chairmen adding a verbal flourish before delivering their counts. The handful of Anderson votes are booed. In the stands alternates follow the count on tally sheets. There is another demonstration as Reagan is locked in officially.

There are reporters and camera crews backed up behind a cordon of security people down at the gate where the speakers arrive. Several are wired and carry on headset conversations with distant partners.

"Is he coming down? Is there any word on whether he's coming down? What about Ford? He hasn't left yet?"

There is a huge cheer from the floor. A reporter runs out of a bathroom on the walkaround.

"What's that?" he cries to a pair of security women conversing by a cigarette machine. They shrug and he runs for the press seats. He skids to a halt as a pair of reporters hurry out of the section and head for the front stairs.

"What's happening? What's going on?"

"It's Bush," says one of the reporters. "He threw us a curve."

"We're going to Cobo," says the other. "They'll have the details on TV."

Delegates file out of the arena. It is very late.

"I wonder if he knew it all along."

"I think it's some of these damn advisers playing cute. A lot of people aren't going to stand still for it."

"What can you do?"

"I'm going to talk with those Jesse Helms people."

"He can't win."

"No, but a protest can be registered. It's a matter of history. You want to go down on the books for George Bush?"

In the lounge of one of the downtown hotels there is dancing and drinking until two a.m. At the tables, groups of delegates and alternates discuss the Bush decision between bouts of egging each other onto the dance floor. The party atmosphere is genuine.

"I remember after we nominated Goldwater," says a delegate. "There were parties and receptions and whatnot and a lot of people just stood around glaring at each other. There was this feeling like we'd showed the world where we stood and now we were gonna catch hell for it. Now this year," he smiles, "this year we know we're gonna *win*."

A delegate stares across the lobby of the Pontchartrain Hotel as others crowd in, ready to party.

"Jim?" she asks her husband, "you think that woman over there is a prostitute?"

"No."

"I haven't seen her with any of the delegations."

"That doesn't mean anything."

"But she's dressed so *nice*."

"That's a crime? So what if she is?"

"Who could do something like that? Right after all those prayers and everything?"

"Probably those TV people. They're used to the fast life."

"Well I think there ought to be a law against it."

"There is. She's real pretty, i'n't she?"

"*Jim*!"

In the afternoons there are Reagan youth eating box lunches in the Cobo cafeteria. Most of them wear "Stop ERA" buttons.

"No *way* I want to get drafted," says one girl. "My brother was in the Marines and it nearly killed him."

"Well first of all if your husband left you you couldn't get alimony and you'd have to go on welfare to support your babies unless you're rich. So it's unfair to poor people. And then I guess I just don't want the government saying how many kids I can have and that I got to have an abortion or any of that. That isn't their job."

"It's against the family," says a third.

"I haven't read the thing itself," says a fourth, "but we have a booklet tells all about it."

A trio of women wearing plastic boaters that say "President Reagan" walks down a corridor in Cobo Hall.

"Well everybody's got self-interest."

"That's politics."

"Right."

"And when you get together and vote on whose self-interest is going to win out, that's democracy."

"Uh-huh."

"And then the people that get outvoted should just go along with the rest."

"That's unity."

"Uh-huh."

"So I don't see what all the fuss is about."

The last session will be mostly celebration. Delegates are in high spirits.

"What did you do today?"

"We went out on a boat, took us up and down the river."

"Oh yeah? What's there to see?"

"Oh, the shore. Canada."

"How's it look?"

"Like Detroit."

"Yeah, that's what it looks like from over here."

"They're Socialists, you know."

"Who?"

"Canada."

"Canada?"

"Just like they are in England. They're part of that Commonwealth."

"Only Commonwealth I know about is the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

"They're Socialists too."

The men laugh.

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"You sure about that? About Canada?"

"Uh-huh. That's one of the reasons the French want to separate."

"Huh." The man shakes his head. "You'd think it would be the other way around."

A reporter sits in Hart Plaza debating with a young man who has been demonstrating against the convention.

"What we want to do," says the young man, "is to make people see that the difference between Reagan and Carter is just an illusion. We'll have people in New York for the Democrats."

"Maybe it doesn't make any difference to *you* . . ."

"To anybody. . . ."

". . . because you're going to sit around and bitch no matter who's in power. But it'll make a lot of difference to somebody."

"Bullshit."

"Just take the CIA thing. Carter's tightened the leash on it; he must have or the shah would still be sitting in Iran frying people's nuts off. What kind of CIA do you think there'll be under Reagan and Bush?"

"The mere existence—"

"You think it didn't make any difference to Allende when they kicked in the door and blew him away? You think his last words were 'Hey, six of one, half dozen of the other'?"

"It's all a big joke."

"That may be, but the joke isn't on *you*. Nobody's frying your nuts 'cause you don't like the government."

"Allende's dead," says the young man, "and if he wasn't, Carter would have him killed just as quick as Reagan would."

Jesse Helms is invited to speak on truth, justice, and the American way, and to cool out his troops. He reassures them that he has spoken with the ticket and found them to hold the proper values close to their hearts.

Words never uttered from the convention podium: abortion, welfare-chiseler, silent majority, Nixon.

After the roll call confirms Bush for vice president, the band jumps into "Deep in the Heart of Texas." The man on the keyboard wears a headset that connects him to the podium. He relays signals to the conductor to slow the tempo or do another song. There are huge "Reagan Country" banners and foam-rubber Reagan heads-on-a-stick and a "Surfers for Reagan" placard. The convention is clapping and cheering and singing along. A huge "Puerto Rico—Statehood Now" banner is unfurled as the band plays "California Here I Come."

"Did Reagan say that?"

"About Puerto Rico? I don't think so."

"I don't see why they want to be a state. They can come up here any time they want."

"You qualify for different things if you're a state."

"Like what?"

"I don't know. Welfare, stuff like that."

"Who do you think *gets* welfare? If they don't I don't know who does."

"If they get to be a state and Reagan is in then their state government will be in charge of handing it out."

"Oh."

They clap in time for a moment.

"I don't see the difference."

"*We* won't be paying for them."

"Who will then?"

"The Puerto Ricans."

"But they don't have any money."

"That's their lookout. Why should we be paying for people from a foreign country?"

"Now explain to me again," shouts a reporter to another over the din. "Who's Phil Crane?"

There is a multiple-image film taking us from Reagan's childhood to the present. Reagan, Ford, and Bush come out with their families. More band, more cheering. Thousands of balloons are dumped from the ceiling, the floor rumbles as they pop underneath "God Bless America."

Reagan's speech is relaxed. The body blows have been delivered by others. He hits all the points listed on the cover of the platform booklet: Family, Neighborhood, Work, Peace, Freedom. He exudes confidence and the convention pours it back at him. When he asks for yet another moment of silence for the captives in Iran you can hear the air conditioning for the first time. The convention ends.

A delegation boards its plane at Metro Airport the next morning. People compare how little sleep they've been getting. Spirits are high. Delegates are still wearing some of their hats and buttons.

"Hey Al!"

"Hey!"

"Let's cut the fat off it right now. Just tell what kind of plurality you want in November."

"What county are you?"

"County? I got a township."

"Oh. Let's see—I'll settle for 68 percent."

"Sounds good to me."

"I'd ask for 70 but who wants to show off?"

"You fly to Europe they've got better food," says a delegate once they are in the air.

"On the planes?"

"On the planes. Continental cuisine."

"We went a few years back."

"You know what I'm looking forward to? I want to go over there after the election, after our man has had time to put his foreign policy into effect, and I want to walk down the street with people knowing I'm an American and feel some respect. You know what I mean?"

"Don't I ever."

"That will be a great day."

A returning alternate greets her husband as she disembarks at the other end.

"Oh, honey," she cries, "I haven't had so much fun since high school!"

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Comedy and Commemoration

Those who like to think in genre terms have ignored one chance. No one, as far as I know, has dealt with the madhouse film. It's not the so-called screwball comedy of the 1930s—screwball was just Hollywood jargon for farce—nor satire. The madhouse film does *anything* for a laugh. The earliest example I can think of isn't film, it was in the theater—Olsen and Johnson's *Hellzapoppin'*, 1938. (Ushers who were really members of the cast led ticket-holders all around the theater on the way to their seats, up and down ladders, across the stage where gusts of air from below lifted skirts—and all that was before the show even began.) In films, the best-known example is *Animal House*.

Madhouse films replace form with pragmatism—more precisely, pragmatism *is* form. The only criterion is to get the laugh. They hope. I got one laugh out of *Animal House*, though I can't remember what it was. I got more laughs a few years ago out of *The Kentucky Fried Movie*, which was written by three young men, Jim Abrahams and two brothers named Zucker, David and Jerry. Now the three have made *Airplane!*—exclamation point and all—which had me laughing for most of its 88 minutes.

The basic idea is a spoof of the airplane-disaster movie, which it does well, but those three are not going to be limited by any basic idea. There are also spoofs of soldier-on-leave films, waterfront-depravity films, and a lot that isn't spoof at all, just gags that come along. A very high proportion succeeds. *Airplane!* flies. (Flies!)

The whole rackety thing bustles very breezily under the trio. Not much point in analysis, I'll just give a couple of samples of the gags. Verbal gag: An airline pilot gets a call from the Mayo Clinic about a passenger who's to be on his plane. While he's talking, the operator interrupts to say that there's an urgent call from Mr. Hamm. The pilot says, "OK, give me Hamm and hold the Mayo." Sight gag: A passenger buys a ticket at an airline counter. The attendant asks: "Smoking or non-smoking?" "Smoking," he says. The attendant hands him a—literally—smoking envelope. (When the panhandler asked Harpo to help him get a cup of coffee, Harpo pulled a cup of coffee out of his pocket. The literal is always good for a laugh.)

Dozens more gags. But now you know whether you want to see the picture. I enjoyed the high spirits as much as the gags.

There's another kind of disaster film—call it the curate's-egg picture. Remember the old English joke about the nervous young curate having his first tea at the local stately home. He is served a boiled egg, and he dallies with it. The lady of the manor asks, "Isn't that egg any good?" He replies hurriedly, "Oh, it's *very* good—in spots." One of my favorite curate's-egg pictures is *The Flim-Flam Man* (1967) with George C. Scott, which here and there has some lovely Mark Twain feeling but which, in sum, fizzles. Now here's another curate's egg, *The Great Santini*.

Obviously it's been a worry to its producers. It's already been shown on HBO, I'm told, under another title—*The Ace*. That title's not much, but it's better than *The Great Santini*. You might guess a lot of things from the second title, but one thing you certainly would not guess is that it's a nickname given to a whiz US Marine fighter pilot named Meechum and that the film is about his troubles with his family.

The script by Lewis John Carlino, the director, is based on a novel by Pat Conroy, who also wrote the novel on which *Conrack* was based. This script is diffuse and unfocused. From the first 15 minutes, you would think that this picture is about the adolescent hijinks of US Marine fliers at a base in Spain. Only after that boring beginning does the story move to Beaufort, South Carolina—Conroy country—and get to its real subject, which even then it treats raggedly. The film is centrally about the Oedipal love-hate tussle between the pilot and his 18-year-old son, with Mrs. Meechum (the exquisite Blythe Danner) as understander of both and mediator between them. Most of that tussle is truthful and first class. And there are some lovely scenes between the boy and a black coeval—they go fishing together, and so on—that get the warmth of loving nature and living close to it.

Robert Duvall plays the macho pilot. He's strong, which is no surprise, but I think he's got the part wrong. He sounds and moves like a city tough, with street smarts and street accent. The name, career, ethics of this man are straight military pro, clipped and well-bred. I kept wondering how this reformed ghetto type got where he is and married Danner.

Duvall does one comic scene hilariously. In the men's room at the South Carolina base, he plays a prank on the man in the next stall who, thinks Duvall, is a fellow officer and an old pal. The man turns out to be a private whom Duvall has never seen before. The way Duvall blusters his way out of the gaffe, putting the doused private in the wrong, had me rolling.

Danner is a lovely woman and actress, one of the best we have just now. I've been a slave ever since *The Miser* and *Twelfth Night* at the Vivian Beaumont, 10 or 11 years ago, right through to her performance in Pinter's *Betrayal* last season on Broadway. She hasn't yet had a screen role good enough for her. In *Santini* she's once again better than the script. In one sequence her son reads a letter that she wrote him on his 18th birthday. We hear her voice speaking it as he reads, and it's eye-brimming.

Films Worth Seeing

Fame. The plot is plotzy, but the performing is dynamite. About the talents and drive of High School of Performing Arts students in NYC.

The Outsider. Except for the opening and close in the US, this is a strong and too-true drama about the Irish troubles today.

Rockers. Jamaican music and musical speech. People under their own names in an invented story. Nicely fabricated "folk" art.

Rough Cut. That big-heist story again, with sex. Mediocre pastry, but Burt Reynolds and David Niven fans can enjoy.

SK

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That son, Michael O'Keefe, and his black friend, Stan Shaw, are charming. Carlino's direction is not free of clichés, but that's not the big trouble with the picture. The script flops around, dwells disproportionately on minor elements, and tacks on—whether it came from the novel or not—a contrived finish. Still I'd note, in Carlino's favor, that the picture looks as if it had been nagged by fretting bosses. If so, they have nagged it into failure. And if *that's* so, it's a pity: because there's an aggregate of about an hour of good stuff in this two-hour film.

On June 24 I had another reminder of how young the art of film is. Boris Kaufman died, in New York, at 83. He was one of the premier cinematographers of his time: in this country, among the many films he shot were *On the Waterfront*, *The Pawnbroker*, *Splendor in the Grass*, *Baby Doll*, *Bye Bye Braverman*, and *The Brotherhood*, the Mafia picture unjustly smothered by the *Godfather* pair.

His American career would have been enough for anyone, but there was a prior career. He was educated at the Sorbonne—he was born in Poland and went to France in 1927—entered films in Paris, and was the only cinematographer who ever worked with the legendary Jean Vigo. Kaufman shot all four Vigo films, *A propos de Nice*, *Taris*, *Zéro de Conduite*, and *L'Atalante*. This is what I mean about the youth of film. Vigo, who died in 1934 at the age of 29, is already, and rightly, enshrined in film history. His closest collaborator died just the other day.

And that's not all. Boris Kaufman had two older brothers, Mikhail and Denis, both of whom went to the Soviet Union and became fervent communist documentary filmmakers. I've never seen any of the work of Mikhail, who's still alive, I think. Denis changed his name to Dziga Vertov, now another legend in film history—the rhapsodist of such films as *The Man With a Movie Camera* and *Three Songs about Lenin*. (Vertov was influential on Vigo, which may have helped to draw Vigo and Boris Kaufman together.) Vertov died in 1954.

I went to the memorial service for Boris Kaufman on June 30. Sidney Lumet spoke feelingly. He talked about a picture he's making right now with a young cinematographer of whom he thinks highly, and Lumet said that his best compliment after seeing a day's rushes is, "Not since Boris. . . ." Roberta Hodes, a production associate of Kazan and others, drew Kaufman's character lovingly. Cecile Starr, the critic, put Kaufman's life in historical perspective.

Most of the people in the room were white-haired, still I kept thinking of how young the film is. The cinematographer of *L'Atalante*, the brother of Dziga Vertov, and there I was at his memorial service. It felt as out of sync as if I were attending such a service for a member of Shakespeare's Globe.

John Canaday on art

Post-Impressionism at the National Gallery

The big summer show at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, misleadingly entitled "Post-Impressionism," is a real oddball. By the measure of any other historically oriented exhibition of late 19th- and early 20th-century art (its boundary dates are 1880-1906), this one seems at first glance to be setting out to trash the conclusions established by two generations of art critics who have been picking and choosing and discarding, panning the gold from the gravel of a phenomenally productive period. Now it is as if the organizers of "Post-Impressionism" have taken the gold dust and thrown it back into the stream. There's a little bit of just about everything here, including gravel specimens.

The mixture makes a fascinating exhibition, or at least a provocative one, for students or anyone else with a knowledge of the period as it has been conventionally presented in innumerable exhibitions and books. Actually, this offbeat show ends conventionally enough by affirming the critical processes that have sanctified Cézanne, Seurat, van Gogh, and Gauguin as the quadruple Godhead of the period—*begins* by affirming it, in fact, with an introductory gallery declaring that these are the big boys, as if defending in advance the heresies to come. The major of these heresies is an implication that perhaps we have been overzealous in casting the entire French Academy—represented here by painters who haven't been given wall space in a respectable museum for years—in the single role of Beelzebub.

To get any idea of what the exhibition is all about, we first have to get rid of its title. Post-impressionism (or postimpressionism) as an art-historical term does not mean simply "after impressionism in time" but, in effect, "painting developing in innovative directions in revolt against the objective naturalism of impressionism but finding a source in impressionist technique for subjective viewpoints or formal structure"—something like that. Thus Cézanne, going from impressionist fracturing of color into color as a means of formal construction, is post-impressionist as the term is properly used historically, while his American contemporary, Thomas Eakins, who was a student in Paris when the impressionist revolt was coming to a boil, remained sublimely indifferent to current French developments and returned to Philadelphia in 1870 to become one of the greatest realists of them all. Classified stylistically, Eakins would have to be called pre-impressionist; he was "post" only by the calendar. Yet both Cézanne and Eakins are in this exhibition along with dozens of other unexpected bedfellows who owe their common occupancy to the dates of their paintings alone.

The idea of the exhibition, as I see it, is to establish the total ambience in which painters were working at a time when an unusual number were working innovatively. The subtitle, "Cross Currents in European and American Painting 1880-1906" might

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better be "A Cross Section of European and American Painting 1880-1906," while we are being fussy about it. What the show offers us all at once are cross currents, changing currents, subcurrents, reverse currents, backwaters, and white water within arbitrary cut-off points in a flow that was just as full and turbulent on either side of those points as it was between them.

To give some kind of order to this mass of material, the installation could have been divided into sections such as "Seurat and Pointillism," "Cézanne and a New Tradition of Formal Structure," "Van Gogh and Personal Expression," "Retardataire Academicism," "The Persistence of Realism," and so on to cover ground that begins with late impressionism (a glorious Dégas, his portrait of Mademoiselle Hélène Rouart, is given the preeminent position in the installation) and goes on through fauvism and pre-cubist Picassos. (In 1906, the year of Cézanne's death and the terminal year of this show, Picasso was making sketches for "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon.") Instead of these historical divisions, however, the installation is by countries. The historical framework is obscured by the international hodgepodge.

This is all to the good. The radical and refreshing aspect of the show is the way it runs counter to the idea that the educational function of art museums is to edit art history according to the taste of curators in order to tell the public what it may, or must, like. Ideally, exposure to only the best should educate the public to understand what it sees, but often the result is only to dictate what is acceptable. Constant exposure over the last 50 years has indeed brought a considerable section of the public into line with some understanding of modern art, or at least patience with it. But in the layman's mind, the idea is ingrained that if a painting hangs in a museum, it is there because it is part of the distillation of the *best* under the direction of irrefutable authorities. It is hard to tell what percentage of the lay public now standing in line to see "Post-Impressionism" will understand, once it gets in, that the exhibition has not been sanitized. A poll as to the favorite pictures might be illuminating; some of the gravel, including sentimental academic storytelling, might come out on top after all these years of quarantine in storage to protect the public from infection by the kind of picture it spontaneously enjoys.

The exhibition is flawed by omissions (where are Bouguereau and Gérôme, among other important academicians?) and the absence of certain key paintings that no doubt were impossible to borrow. But no matter. This is art history of a very solid kind rather than the grab bag that it seems at first in contrast with the neatly sorted and filed exhibitions we are accustomed to. Whatever it lacks in harmony—which is just about everything—it makes up for in variety, unexpected juxtapositions, and unfamiliar pictures. Everybody now knows Cézanne, Seurat, Gauguin, van Gogh, Matisse, Picasso, Braque, Whistler, Toulouse-Lautrec, Munch, Ensor, Bonnard, Vuillard, Ryder, Sargent, and Boccioni by sight, and plenty of visitors to the exhibition will recognize Corinth, Denis, Hodler, Tissot, Slevogt, and Heckel among the crowd on the walls. But how about Breitner, Cottet, Grubicy de Dragon, Khnopff, Nomellini, Pelliza da Volpedo, and Thorn Prikker, as a sampling of the interlopers? Gold or gravel, names like these make "Post-Impressionism" a rare opportunity for exploration.

"Great Expectations" (1894) by Eric Forbes-Robinson

The triumph and defeat of Knut Hamsun.

Norway's Great Novelist

by Erich Heller

It is strange for a critic to introduce, almost as if he were a new arrival on the literary scene, an author whose many novels, in German translations, accompanied and enchanted him during his student years and afterward. Knut Hamsun was a renowned, much read, and much admired author then, above all in German-speaking countries but also in pre-revolutionary Eastern Europe. A recent fellow Nobel Prize laureate, Isaac Bashevis Singer, said in 1976 that for years he was under the spell of Hamsun's prose. When Hamsun himself, in 1920, received that royal Swedish bonanza, he had merited it, it seemed, with *The Growth of the Soil* (1917), a work that to this day is often judged his masterpiece. It was not necessarily à propos its title that he remarked on that occasion that he would use the money for planting more flowers in his garden—in accordance, perhaps, with the founder's will to make up for the dynamite that is behind the Swedish reward. When Hamsun's 70th birthday approached, he left his farm and house, Nörholm, that was in danger of becoming a kind of Norwegian Yasnaya Polyana, and withdrew to a little hotel at some distance from there in order to escape all celebra-

Erich Heller, Avalon Professor Emeritus of the Humanities at Northwestern University, is the author of *The Artist's Journey Into the Interior* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) and *Franz Kafka* (Viking).

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tions. He really treasured only one present: a large consignment of fertilizer sent to the farmer Knut Hamsun by a Portland cement factory. But he could not stem the flood of congratulatory messages from the representatives of European literature such as Gorky, Gide, Galsworthy, H.G. Wells, Heinrich and Thomas Mann, etc. The president of Czechoslovakia, T.G. Masaryk, sent a telegram. All this is to be set up against the neglect he has suffered in recent decades. The young generation of readers may well look upon him as a newcomer.

Even where he used to be most famous, in Germany, his works are not read. It is a fascinatingly ugly story that has led to his eclipse, a story inseparably linked to the bigger and uglier one: Hitler's European conquests and mass murders. Ezra Pound might have had the same fate when his poetic reputation became entangled in political notoriety. He did not. This, however, was not due to the greater durability of his immensely overrated achievement as a poet, but rather to the determination of the Anglo-Saxon lettered liberal to keep aesthetic judgments strictly apart from political ideology—if indeed the devastating performance in which Pound played his small, noisy part comes under the heading of either ideology or politics. In saying this, I hasten to add that Hamsun, who outraged the vast majority of his fellow Norwegians by publicly applauding the power that occupied his country in April 1940—he was, we should remember, 81 years old at the time—not once in his novels expressed sentiments as vicious as the anti-Semitism voiced by Pound's *Cantos*, attitudes no less vicious for being conveyed in meters and rhythms that reputedly have significantly enriched the poetic possibilities of the English language. On the contrary, in *Wayfarers*, published in 1927 (just reissued by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in a marvelous translation by James McFarlane), to give only one instance, Hamsun has lavished great imaginative affection on the Jew Papst, the good-natured, kind-hearted, and humorously fraudulent itinerant, peddling watches that certainly could not compete with the astronomical predictability of his appearing, boisterous and melancholy, at every village fair throughout the region.

Melancholy and boisterous, good-natured and fradulent—such play on the contradictoriness of a character who nonetheless emerges as a perfectly convincing person suggests the particular quality of Hamsun's art and, therefore, his cast of mind and, therefore, some of the causes of his downfall. I shall come back to this.

The best of his many novels evoke in a highly sophisticated manner—this is the irresistible charm of the paradox that Hamsun embodies—the complex primitivity of life lived in the villages and small towns (such as the Segelfoss of his novels) on the islands and along the fjords of Norway; and if, as in the first work that spectacularly initiated his career, *Hunger* (1890), the scene is a city as large as Oslo (called Christiania at the time), the action—or what in more conventional novels would be the action—takes place entirely within the one character who is the story's protagonist and narrator. Yet this "inwardness" needs explaining. When Hamsun, one year before *Hunger*—before, that is, he had established his reputation—published his determinedly biased book on America, *The Cultural Life of Modern America* (1889), he prefaced it with a sentence, intended no doubt simply as an apology, but remarkable for the reverberations it set off in its aphoristic succinctness: "Truth is neither two-sided nor objective; truth is precisely disinterested subjectivity."

The word "subjectivity" never had been used in this way. *Hunger*, by being the book it is, was to define Hamsun's meaning. For it is precisely through this subjectivity that Christiania, in its "objective" facticity (even the names of its streets and squares are factually correct) comes to life as intensely as cities hardly ever do in the naturalist literature of the epoch. Certainly the Christiania of *Hunger* is a fact verifiable by anyone who knows the city. Yet it is a fact of the poet's soul, just as is Baudelaire's Paris and Rilke's too (in *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*), or Kafka's Prague (and the America he imagined in his first novel), or T.S. Eliot's London, the "Unreal City" of *The Waste Land*. If Kierkegaard had written novels, they would possess this concrete inwardness.

Indeed, Hamsun's *Hunger* vigorously attacks our senses with Christiania's sights, sounds, and smells. For days on end, after closing the book, we feel that we have actually met its shopkeepers, pawnbrokers, policemen, and prostitutes; climbed staircases to deserted addresses on streets given by name, trying to find a long-neglected friend who may help us, desperately hungry as we are, to some food; or we sit on a bench at the harbor, watching the ships on the mother-of-pearl-colored sea. At the same time all this is piercingly unreal, not in the manner of

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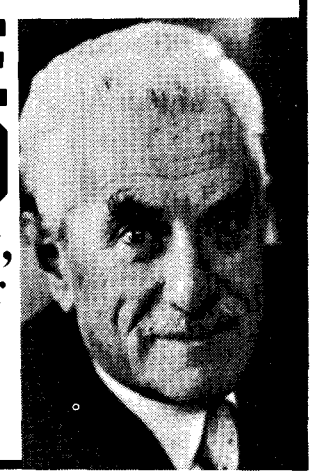
EMPLOYING THE UNEMPLOYED

Eli Ginzberg, editor



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an evanescent dream, but by virtue of an absurd enhancement of the real as occurs in nightmares or hallucinatory states induced by exhaustion. After Hamsun, only Kafka, who was an avid and admiring reader of his, had the power of effecting such metamorphoses; and certainly Kafka could have said of Prague (did he not actually say it?) what Hamsun says of Christiania right at the beginning of *Hunger*: "All this happened while I was walking around starving in Christiania—that strange city no one escapes from until it has left its mark on him." Kafka, too, went around Prague, indelibly marked by it and starving, not literally but allegorically, because like his "hunger artist" he could not find the spiritual nourishment he needed.

Never before had hunger, physical hunger, been explored with such elaborate intensity and pursued to the ultimate fantasies and derangements it causes in the mind; and never before had it been so true to say of a man starving in a big city that he had only himself to blame for his starvation. A novel called *Hunger*, published in 1891, by its very title certainly would have raised expectations that Hamsun was bound to disappoint. His hero's misfortune is not due to cruel social circumstances but is a matter of free choice, if there can be free choices in Hamsun's universe of preordained and irrevocable destinies. Choice lies only in the acceptance of fate. There is no rebellion in *Hunger*, most certainly no protest against society—that hazy entity that performs for sociologically minded modern people the same function that ether did for pre-Einsteinian physicists. It is all more like a hunger strike against God. In extreme moments of near-fainting, this hungry man does curse, but he curses—the curse. "When nothing helped, no matter how hard I tried, . . . I shouted and roared threats up to the sky, shrieked God's name hoarsely and savagely, and curled my fingers like claws." What is the curse? It is his knowing that he is meant to be a writer and nothing else, and nobody's sharing this knowledge with him. Nobody? With regard to Hamsun himself, thousands of readers, after they have been enslaved for hours by his ability to transform hunger into a work of art, see him become what he was sure he was all the time, an artist. Although Hamsun's hungry man, like Kafka's hunger artist, is, in his own way, an allegorical figure, Hamsun's is more successful in practicing his art: he survives. Survivors, resilient and competent men and women, always have commanded Kafka's respect. Perhaps Hamsun gave him more cause for admiration than the author of *Hunger* could possibly have known.

The editors of the almanac that his Norwegian publisher prepared for Christmas 1927 sent Hamsun the kind of useless questionnaire on which the famous are requested to satisfy the public's unholy curiosity. The man who had written *Hunger* was asked what his favorite food was. Hamsun answered morosely that he was no gourmet and ate what was put before him. Honesty, he said, was the quality of character he valued most highly (and he meant nothing to do with any virtue in the code of conventional morality, but what Nietzsche called *Redlichkeit*, truthfulness to and with one's self); and almost all politicians found themselves in the questionnaire's category of "historical personalities" he most despised. And finally: "What is the worst you can imagine?" "To die," he answered: "I certainly wouldn't put up with it if I didn't have to." He almost succeeded in avoiding it. When in February 1952 he died at Nörholm, where he had built his house with the study, the "Dichterhaus," separate from it (a neat symbol of the separation of art from his life), he was 93, a deaf and almost blind man, a survivor of himself, deeply at odds with his own people, prosecuted for high treason in its law courts, and almost forgotten as a writer. Would he still have maintained that dying was the worst?

How did it come to this? Here was one of the greatest writers of his time, the author of *Wayfarers* and of the earlier and certainly not less powerful enchantments: *Mysteries* (1892), *Pan* (1894), or *Victoria* (1898).Here was the poet of changelessness whose every character was conceived by his imagination as if to reveal the ingrained mendacity of all manifestos that aimed at changing human beings by engineering a change of social circumstances. (Ibsen once sat in the front row of the hall when the young lecturer Hamsun assailed the dramatist-reformer's beliefs—and perhaps made him write *The Master Builder* afterward.) Here was the creator of the truest, tenderest, and, in their verbal restraint, most sensuous love scenes in modern literature, and the artist who

Books by Knut Hamsun

Pan (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1956)

Hunger (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1967)

Growth of the Soil (Random House, 1972)

Victoria (Avon Books, 1975)

Mysteries (Avon Books, 1975)

The Wanderer (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1975)

The Women at the Pump (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1978)

The Wayfarers (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1980)

The above are in print in English translation.

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knew how to play most captivatingly on the muted strings of language. How did he avoid being repelled by that loud-mouthed, cheap painter who killed millions of people because they did not fit his cheap notion of what the picture of mankind ought to look like? All answers to these questions are bound to be unsatisfactory, but the question marks at their close may at least yield some of their impenetrably thick blackness.

He was called Knut Pederson when he was baptized in the little village of Garmo which, far back in almost legendary days, was believed to have been built by one of his mother's ancestors who, they said, was bidden to do so by St. Olaf himself. The distinguished family gradually lost its distinction and its wealth; and when the beautiful Tora Olsdatter Garmastaeet, daughter of the village veterinary, married the tailor and small farmer Per Pederson Skultbakken in Lom, a parish in the interior of southern Norway, in the poor and austere Gulbrandsdaal, it was considered a perfectly suitable match. They had seven children—Knut was the fourth—and little to support them with. Tora's brother, a moderately prosperous tailor and merchant in Hamaröy, high up in the north, persuaded the family to try their luck on less unyielding ground.

When Knut was three, they settled on the little farm Hamsund in Hamaröy. The journey from Lom was long and strenuous. They went in rough vehicles over the mountains to Trondheim, continued north by ship along the rugged coast, and finally arrived in a rowboat at their destination, at the three-year-old boy's destination. The sea, which he saw for the first time, the ships, the fjords, the woods of Hamaröy, the mountains, the parish tailors and cobblers, peasants and fishermen, and the names of people that sound as if they had their real place in Nordic sagas, stayed with him all his life; and of course the name of that Hamaröy farmstead, Hamsund. He chose it as his pseudonym when, after his first sojourn in America, he published an article on Mark Twain in a Norwegian journal. Through a misprint the author's name appeared as "Hamsun." He liked it and kept it; but henceforth, one of the many voices, not the least troublesome, within him persisted in questioning if it was not due to a cosmic printer's error that he was destined to be a writer. Was it not too "civilized" an occupation? Too removed from the woods and soil? Could writing ever be an honest man's work? Was it not appropriate that the attempt to make a living at it should be punished by starvation?

It is surely not without malice against the writer's vocation that August—the unforgettable wayfarer of *Wayfarers*, sailor of the seven seas; bragging of immense treasures stored in boxes god knows where on the Indian continent; hatching scheme after scheme of how to become rich, with all the mountains he suspects to be full of gold turning out to be "big rubbish heaps," yet sometimes hitting upon a capital idea as, for instance, when he insists that the bog outside the town, devourer of cattle and stalker after girls, could be drained and turned into a benevolent farm land—that this superb braggart whose every résumé of life is "So it comes and goes. . . . It cannot be otherwise" or "Good luck and goodbye" and who, like Blake's fool, travels the road of excess, but rarely enough becomes wise, discovers his kind of Knut Hamsun:

drawing of Knut Hamsun by Jack Coughlin

> . . . there's a marvelous man here who wants to write down everything I've been through in my life. Wants me to talk and he'll put it all down in writing. I met him on one of the quaysides, and I sat and talked to him for a long time. . . . I've never seen a man who could write like that, though I've been all around the world. I can talk as fast as I like, but he still gets it all down. He says it will be a whole book with my picture and everything. . . . We'll make a mint of money, this writer says. . . . Just like Gjest Baardsen, who went and wrote a big book about all the things he'd stolen in his life. What do you think?

The writer as the collaborator of liars, the usurper of stolen goods, stolen experiences, stolen feelings, as an exhibitionist of sentiments as if they are honestly his own: traces of this distrust of litera-

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ture remained with Hamsun throughout his life. His mother, whom he deeply loved, was a taciturn woman; when she did speak, she spoke with a strange oracular emphasis, faintly reminiscent of the magical invocations of witches. Hamsun's style at times appears to be indebted to her. She never read a book of her son's. And when the young man Edevart, the main character of *Wayfarers*, to whom August's question is addressed, "did not know what to think. . . . For him books were an unfamiliar world. Faced with them, he shook his head. . . ," it could be the response of Hamsun's mother, just as she might have spoken the words of the old man in *Victoria* who has read very little in his life: "I read what is within myself if ever I feel like reading." In *The Growth of the Soil* Hamsun said of an old peasant that his age was 900 years, that he had been resurrected from the remote past and yet pointed toward the future, a man from the time when the first plough furrowed the soil, and yet a man of today. When Hamsun was in his 80s, Hitler unbelievably succeeded in making him believe that he, the leader, had come to lead the insurrection against the lettered, clever, and hollow men.

Many of Hamsun's fellow Norwegians sought in America an easier and more lucrative life than their homeland offered them. Their numbers swelled in the 1880s. "Dragging their torn roots behind them," as Hamsun says in *Wayfarers*, they are shown again and again in his novels. Before he and the world knew he really was a writer, he himself might have settled in America. He tried twice. He had suffered, as a boy, five years of being exploited by his Hamaröy uncle to whom his penurious parents gladly abandoned him. In 1873 he became an assistant to the wealthy shopkeeper Walsöe, the virtual ruler of his village and archetype of all the ambitious merchants in Hamsun's books; in 1876 he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, taught at an elementary school, and wrote, even published, stories that now are forgotten. Having found a wealthy supporter who believed in his literary talent, he managed in 1879 to be received by the famous Björnstjerne Björnson who looked first at the manuscript of Hamsun's novel *Friola* and then at the tall and handsome man of 20: "Why don't you become an actor?" he asked and gave him a letter of introduction to the theater in Christiania. Hamsun showed no histrionic talent, but he lived now, often hungry, in the capital city. Thus was the stage set for *Hunger*. In the meantime he worked with a road construction gang, read Strindberg and the French novelists.

NIGHTS IN HACKETT'S COVE

Those nights lit by the moon and the moon's nimbus,
the bones of the wrecked pier rose crooked in air
and the sea wore a tarnished coat of silver.
The black pines waited. The cold air smelled
of fishheads rotting under the pier at low tide.
The moon kept shedding its silver clothes
over the bogs and pockets of bracken.
Those nights I would gaze at the bay road,
at the cottages clustered under the moon's immaculate stare,
nothing hinted that I would suffer so late
this turning away, this longing to be there.

Mark Strand

At last, in January 1882, he crossed the Atlantic. Norddeutscher Lloyd, the Hamburg shipping company, was persuaded to give him a free ticket. He marveled at the splendors of New York where the railway, as he wrote in a letter home, made its way above the roofs, and the bridge to Brooklyn stretched for almost a mile. Then he moved to Elroy, Wisconsin, where his brother had settled before him. He was a shop assistant there and later worked as a farmhand in North Dakota. In the fall of 1884 he was received into a more intellectual milieu: he met the Unitarian minister and writer Kristofer Janson in Minneapolis, who befriended him and employed him as his secretary because he was good at lecturing to his flock. Hamsun, of course, did not become a Unitarian himself, but read Nietzsche. He fell ill in that year; galloping consumption was the doctor's diagnosis. Hamsun returned home.

The tuberculosis proved to be not terminal and probably not even tubercular. He recovered in the agreeable climate of a mountain-sheltered place in the south of Norway and again went to Christiania, once more trying to become a writer. He *was*—if Thomas Mann defined a writer correctly as a man who finds writing incomparably harder than anyone else. "For two weeks," Hamsun wrote to a friend, "I have pored over one page. It isn't done yet. Imagine, two weeks. . . ." He showed what he had written to an author well known in Christiania. "Your writing is too strange for Norway," he said. "You have learned too much from Dostoevsky." At that time Hamsun had not read a line by Dostoevsky. Still, despite his "strangeness," he succeeded in obtaining promises from two Christiania newspapers that they would publish his articles about America. He went there again in 1886. "He could not do without *food* and for the second time he fled across the Atlantic," as Kristofer Janson in Minneapolis explained. Hunger again. He became a tram conductor in Chicago and, unable to learn the names of streets, used to call out the wrong stops and lost his job. After once again working as a farm laborer, he made a slim living as the journalist he had promised to be and by lecturing to the many Norwegian communities in Minnesota. In the summer of 1888 he left America, sailed to Copenhagen, ready magisterially to pronounce on the culture of the new continent. *The Cultural Life of Modern America* is a witty, eloquent, amusing, and, more often than not, wrong-headed book. He might have been warned by what he himself said in print about Mark Twain's *The Innocents Abroad*: that it was marred by the author's rather superficial acquaintance with European traditions, the inadequacy of his aesthetic perception, his provincial nationalism, and the all too blatant intrusion of his political persuasion. The persuasion was, of course radical-democratic.

Although Hamsun's own political or quasipolitical convictions made themselves heard at least as loudly in his book on America, it certainly could not be said of them that they were democratic. They were rather Nietzschean in their intellectual-aristocratic bearing, and radical only in their aversion to the tyranny wielded by the masses over the works of the mind, to the naive religiousness and the numbing of the tragic sense through the optimism of the therapeutic popular pedagogues. It is, certainly, Walt Whitman's "marvelous naiveté" that has won "a couple of followers" for his mediocre "tabular poetry, those impossible inventories of people, states, housewares, tools, and articles of clothing"; and it is Emerson's preachiness that made this "Aesop of the American mob of moralists" the supplier

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of "mottoes for their most inenguous, goody-goody books." Later in his life Hamsun recanted his harsh pronouncements on America, called the book "my youthful sin" and its views "lopsided," and opposed its re-publication. Yet many passages of it are magnified projections of his abiding belief that "we become more and more civilized and lose in spirit." After 1889 and 1890, the years in which *America* and *Hunger* were published, Hamsun's biography is that of a more and more successful novelist and—at least outwardly—secure family man until in old age catastrophe overtook him. He married twice (the second time at the age of 50 to an actress 22 years younger), had four children, and, although in 1925 he fell into prolonged depression, emerged from it victoriously with *Wayfarers*.

The mob of moralists. . . . One of the *Wayfarers* episodes that is bound to haunt the reader's mind for a long time is the dying of Skipper Skaaro, one of the more powerful men of the fjords, owner of the vessel "Seagull," and notorious womanizer. He hires the girls of the village for good money to stack the catches of herring in the hold of the ship. The prettier women he would then invite to his cabin. One day he invited Ane Maria, a married woman, but as it turned out in the end, his end, invited her not insistently enough. When she played coy and fussy, he angrily left her. This was his undoing, for the passionate and emotionally unstable Ane Maria felt rejected by this and was determined to have her revenge. A little later, on a Sunday, after having put on her best finery, she lured Skaaro to that bog near her village where, at the time, many berries ripened. He expected the gifts she had withheld from him before:

> 'So I can pick myself a few berries?'
>
> 'Yes,' she replied. 'As many as you like!' She pointed across the bog and said: 'The ripest ones are over there!'
>
> He followed her direction, and sank deeper and deeper into the quagmire with every step. Ah, such diabolical evil—to point where she did, and not warn him that the bog there was bottomless. She knew that if he went out far enough, if he did not turn around and come back, he'd never be able to lift his legs clear, but simply sink—sink.

He does, and on the pages that follow, Hamsun unflinchingly describes his slow sinking, his futile pleas for help, her resolution to let him perish, her turning away from the bog, pretending to call rescuers, but only in order to watch secretly the final moments of his being sucked in by this fiendish piece of nature; and Hamsun's description is so detached as to avoid any possible identification of his own moral feelings with the victim's desperate outcry against the "diabolical evil." When a year and a half later, as once again the "dark days of autumn set in," she was plagued by her conscience and gave herself up, "there was a kind of pride, of hauteur about Ane Maria"—very different from the somnambulating Lady Macbeth's immersion in her guilty nightmare, or Raskolnikov's longing for atonement. It is neither incommensurate with Hamsun's genius to evoke such comparisons nor irrelevant to the large question of how imaginations differ with regard to their moral textures. That Hamsun, whatever his advanced age may have contributed to his failure, was, despite his aristocratic stance, so renitently indifferent to the abysmal words and deeds; so blind to the glaring deceptions of that German seducer of the masses; and—no doubt because of his own love of the earth—so willing to believe in the false prophet's prophecies of the blood and the soil while he at the same time cunningly manipulated all the available technologies, is surely related to an imagination capable of maintaining its moral composure in describing Ane Maria's "pride and hauteur":

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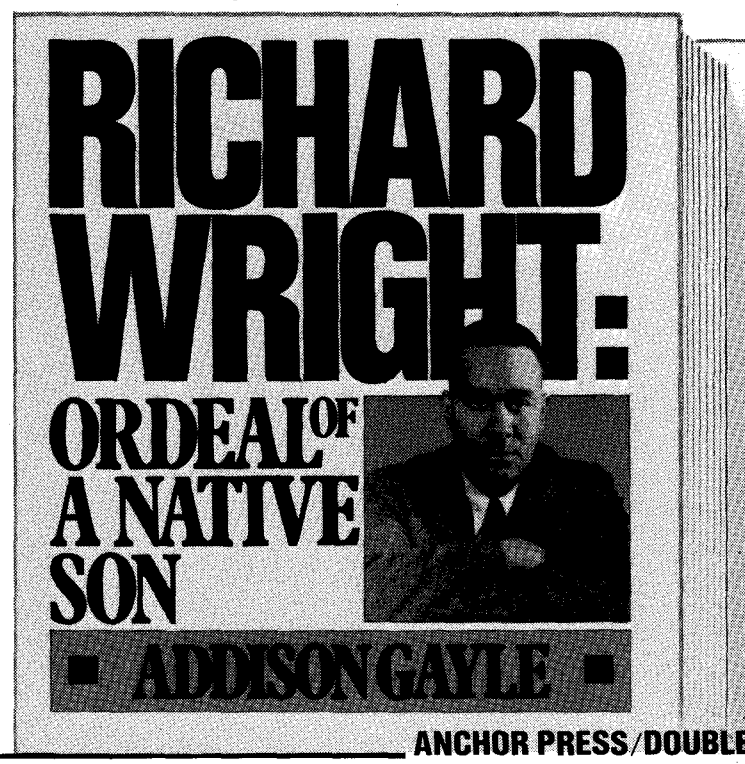

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> When the authorities asked her whether she had anything against Skaaro, she replied: 'No. Quite the reverse.' And asked why she had done away with him, she replied frankly: 'It was because he wanted me but didn't t ask me enough. . . .'

Indeed, August's "It cannot be otherwise" is very close to his maker's sense of life.

In trying to explain the inexplicable, there is one more point to be made. In 1943 Hamsun, aged 84, went to Berlin to be received by Hitler. He asked Hitler to remove from office the *Reichkommisar* of Norway, Josef Terboven, under whose rule patriotic Norwegians were imprisoned or sentenced to death. (Terboven committed suicide in 1945.) Of course Hitler refused, but he was much upset by his interview with the old man, as Hitler's public relations chief, Otto Dietrich, reports in his book *Twelve Years with Hitler*.

Hamsun's quite extraordinary last work, *On Overgrown Paths*—it appeared one year before his death—is a strange collection of moving memories, expiring poetic perceptions, and disquieting descriptions of the poet's agonized life as a patient in an asylum for the insane (Ezra Pound comes instantly to mind), as an inmate in a home for old people, and as an accused before a tribunal that, after long hesitations and delays, found him guilty and made him poor by ordering him to pay a vast sum of money (collaborators had to make amends for Germany's extortions). From this last book Hamsun emerges as an obstinate and stubbornly misguided Norwegian patriot. He had believed in Hitler's assurances that his country would play an important role in the Germanic empire to come. Sometimes he sounds as if he looked forward to a Norway that would be as triumphant in the world as Kirsten Flagstad was in its opera houses; or, had he felt less defeated, he might have added: as his novels were in the literary world. In the meantime he showed little sympathy with things that conquer: for instance, with the mighty poplar tree in a neighboring garden about to kill a young fir that tried hard to grow in the giant's shadow. he asked the owner to cut off the lower branches of the poplar: "I am so sorry for the little fir tree." The neighbor did not even answer. "He has probably read in his paper that they examined my mental condition," Hamsun notes. "Midsummer 1948" is the date of the last line of *On Overgrown Paths*: "Today the Supreme Court upheld the sentence and I stop writing." Halfway through the book he had said: "God bless everything that is not merely idle talk. Silence, too, is blessed by God." It should be engraved on the tombstone standing above the silence of a great writer.

The Lean Years
by Richard J. Barnet

(Simon & Schuster; $12.95)

There are three sides to Richard Barnet's new book. First, it is a survey of the politics of energy, minerals, food, and water, of the "new international military order" that results from the "increasingly sophisticated use of military systems for maintaining control over resources," and of the way in which what Barnet calls the Global Factory—multinational corporations—affects employment all over the world. It is an endlessly informative survey which covers quickly but, on the whole, adequately, some of the most important issues in the world economy, and explains why the "struggle for the world product" (to use the title of an article by Helmut Schmidt some years ago) is rapidly becoming the central problem of international politics, both among the advanced countries and between them and the third world countries that demand a new international economic order.

Second, *The Lean Years* is an indictment. To Barnet the "politics of scarcity" is not a struggle set by the increasingly stringent physical limits to growth. It is the deliberate creation of scarcity by the multinational corporations of the advanced countries, and particularly of the United States. They are also guilty of an assault against nature, and of the massive destruction of employment in countries, many of which have rapidly growing populations. In this respect, the book is a sequel to *Global Reach*, an earlier volume by Barnet and Ronald Müller. Barnet's view of the multinational corporations has become, if anything, even harsher. Driven by the search for profit and power, they manipulate governments, throttle competition, plunder resources, prevent any rational planning for the future, destroy the countryside of the developing countries, force them into adopting capital-intensive technologies and an export-crop, export-platform model of development that benefits only a very narrow sector. The result is mass unemployment, a brain drain, the exodus of migrant labor, national indebtedness, and the constant insecurity that follows from dependence on foreign lending agencies that impose their own terms, as well as on a market in which prices are controlled by the ever more concentrated Global Factory. Barnet sees the multinational corporation as the key issue in the battle over the new international economic order.

Many of his criticisms, general or specific, are justified. American readers in particular need to be reminded of the vast difference between the idyllic view of the market and of free enterprise which is so dear both to economic theorists and to conservative ideologues, and the realities of oligopoly, price-fixing, and thoroughly skewed distribution of benefits. Still, it is a prosecutor's brief that Barnet develops. Convinced of the multinationals' quasi-omnipotence, he underestimates the degree to which most governments are able to impose limits on their reach. He is unwilling not only to accept but also to acknowledge the points made by the enthusiastic or even by the moderate defenders of the multinationals, and this in turn makes it impossible for Barnet to understand why so many of the developing countries have chosen a path of development that invites multinationals in, and indeed offers them substantial incentives. Barnet's view leads him to attribute this fact to the Global Factory's own control of markets and of elites—a bit too pat or conspiratorial a view of a more complex situation.

This discrepancy between Barnet and those who reject his indictment is illumined by the third aspect of the book: his prescriptions. Where the supporters of the multinationals talk of growth and efficiency and extol the merits of an open international economy in which goods and people move freely, Barnet talks of social justice, national autonomy, and popular participation. Throughout the book, and particularly in his last chapter, he advocates a kind of democratic socialism or populism. He calls both for greater governmental planning (for instance, to allow the state to overcome the energy crisis by controlling imports, financing alternatives to oil, promoting conservation, and breaking the oil companies' stranglehold on prices and on investment in alternatives to oil) and for the kind of

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decentralization that would protect local communities (for instance through "soft," such as solar, instead of "hard" technologies for energy, through land reform that would give the poor an incentive and opportunity to produce food for local needs, and through the switch to a model of industrial development that would encourage local industry). Maximum self-reliance rather than ever increasing interdependence is Barnet's objective.

It is an attractive vision, but as presented here, it is not a very convincing program. Like many other variants of *autogestion* (self-management), Barnet's suffers from the inherent contradiction between the demand for greater central planning—necessary to organize a rational control of resources and to resist or break the power of the multinationals—and the demand for community control. Community control is not the best way of subordinating present demands to future needs or of achieving a fair distribution of resources at a national level: communities are usually selfish. Reconciliation, here, takes the form of pious hopes for new forms of citizen participation that would somehow save planning from becoming the purely bureaucratic exercise it has turned into (not only in the Soviet Union but also in France). We are left in the dark.

A second flaw affects the international dimension of Barnet's "politics of survival." He assumes that there will be an international consensus supporting his views, or providential harmony among the various nations that practice maximum self-reliance. This is most unlikely. Many countries do not have the resources to rise out of misery through self-reliance (the example of China's recent evolution is instructive), and attempts to maximize it could lead to an epidemic of protectionism. Interestingly, in the case of the US, where safeguarding jobs from foreign competition is a hot political issue, Barnet advocates both temporary protectionism—a recipe for international tensions—and a restructuring of US industry—a euphemism covering domestic dislocations.

Indeed, the third and biggest flaw lies in the ambiguities of democratic reformism. The realization of Barnet's ideal would entail, as he himself stresses, a huge redistribution of power from the rich to the poor in each country, from the rich to the poor nations, from capital-intensive to labor-intensive activities, from the multinationals to the nation-states, from the imperfect market to governmental authorities, from the bureaucrats to local communities. Such structural reforms, and such a drastic overhaul of the terms

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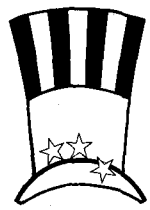

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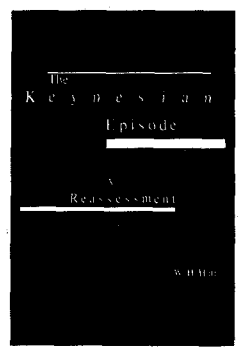

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of trade, hardly can be achieved without revolution and violence, both domestic and international. Yet this is a reality from which Barnet shrinks, if only because his own view of the world suggests that in such battles the richer and stronger would win, given their control of the means of violence and their determination to use these means in order to keep their power.

All reflections on a new international economic order are caught in a dilemma. Either they end by suggesting various mild reforms that would marginally improve the fate of the poor countries, and of the poor in those countries, but leave intact the roots of political, economic, and social inequality (this is what radical critics could say of the recent Brandt Commission report); or they suggest a drastic attack on the causes of inequality, a change in models of development and in economic as well as political organization. But then they amount either to romantic calls for world revolution (of a kind that does not resemble the Soviets' notion, but would lead to chaos or to defeat), or to generous but wishful blueprints without cost tags or indications about how to get to paradise. Barnet's book is an example of the latter school. His critique of the present world disorder is much sharper than his vision of a better future, which is too rosy and too blurred to be believable.

Stanley Hoffmann

Stanley Hoffmann is C. Douglas Dillon Professor of the Civilization of France and chairman of the Center for European Studies at Harvard University.

Maybe: A Story by Lillian Hellman

(Little, Brown; $7.95)

There is a moment, in the closing section of this autobiographical novella (or novelized autobiography), when Lillian Hellman decides to go for a solitary swim in front of her house on Martha's Vineyard. It is a daring undertaking, for it is night, and she suffers from shortness of breath, has recently undergone unsuccessful eye surgery, and neither sees nor swims very well. But nevertheless, taking a huge flashlight to light the way, she goes down to her beach and into the ocean, alone. "The water was the right temperature, everything was good, everything was better; there was even the possibility that there could be some answer to the future and that it wouldn't be as bad as I thought."

A short while later, however, as she turns to swim back to what she believes is the direction of the shore, she realizes that the shore isn't there—or if it is there, she cannot see it. She experiences a terrorized vertigo: "The word frightened is not the word," she explains, in describing the sudden failing of sense and orientation. "I am not frightened in water. Something else was happening to me: I was collapsing in a way that had never happened before."

The outward danger dissipates rapidly, as Miss Hellman picks up the sound of waves slapping against a nearby breakwater and swims toward it. She gets out on some sharp, pointed rocks; rests on the edge of an abyss. The fear persists. Ascending the path back to the house, she stumbles into a spiky wild rose bush, tearing her flesh on its thorns. Then, in a continuation of this oddly clumsy, self-punishing sequence, she stumbles into her own screen door and then burns herself in a bath she'd meant to make slightly hotter than usual—in order to clean the wounds left by the rose brambles. This calvary ends with her lying down for a while; "I guess I must have slept for a few minutes because when I woke up the world seemed gone. I was in the kind of temper that has no name because it is not temper but some monumental despair that makes crazy people kill cats or stifle crying babies."

That monumental despair is the true subject of *Maybe*. For Lillian Hellman has gone swimming in the waters of time and memory and found herself adrift in a vast sea of unreliability—the shore of solid information, of what is known about the circumstances of the past, seems to recede each time she believes she has the true details in sight. No jetty of certain facts upon which to perch ever makes its appearance; and there is no place from which her own experiences, her own sense of what her life has been, can now be comfortably and fairly assessed. What really did happen to her, and to some of the figures who have crossed and recrossed the stage of her life? The truths she struggles to reach are always, ultimately, impalpable and insubstantial; what's more, the "real truth" may not matter at all—it may have no importance whatsoever. It is this possibility, the possibility of meaninglessness, that lends *Maybe* its primary tonal quality, which is one of utter lostness, of panic.

The narrative, on the face of it, is concerned with the life and fate of a woman whom Hellman knew very slightly but over a long period of time. Beautiful Sarah Cameron has, however, figured in certain crucial circumstances (however unwittingly) which had great significance to Hellman as a woman. In attempting to reassemble and reconstruct the fragmented puzzle that was Sarah Cameron's life, Hellman is not quite trying to ask who Sarah was (really) so much as she is trying to ask: "Who was I, and who may I yet hope to be?" The task, in any case, is not easy: ". . . not much is easy," she comments, "because as one grows older, one realizes how little one knows about any relationship, or even about oneself."

The character of Sarah Cameron, as rendered by Hellman, has the quality of the unreal—Sarah seems to be almost an object of fantasy, or of a schoolgirlish crush. She is (as is standard for the objects of such crushes) many things that Hellman herself is not: an arch-WASP, a beautiful patrician party-girl; she is also, as we learn in one of the early encounters in the story, the mother of an infant son. "She had a small baby propped up on her table," relates Hellman, describing a meeting in a Paris restaurant. "I remember the baby because he was long and very white." Later, Arthur (Lillian Hellman's husband at that time) compares Sarah's beauty to that of Garbo.

Sarah Cameron isn't merely beautiful, but unusual and mysterious. She is, moreover, dissolute, impulsive, promiscuous, unfeeling, and without any apparent need for human relationships or connectedness. She is also a heavy drinker and drug taker, a tough, hard woman beyond vulnerability. She is the lorelei, the lovely and remorseless destroyer (but never the victim) of men.

Twice over the years the two women have had the same lover (serially, not simultaneously). The first of these, nasty-sounding Alex, had a short-lived affair with Lillian Hellman and then moved into

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a longer relationship with Sarah Cameron. Alex, who was Lillian's sexual initiator, was the vilest and most woman-hating of teachers; his behavior was to wound her for years. For he suggested, after having spent four nights with the untutored young Hellman, that her sexual organs had a distinctly unpleasant odor; she ought to bathe herself more frequently. That nutty comment unleashed a flood of anxiety. It caused the young woman to develop a full-scale washing phobia. She felt, she says, compelled to bathe herself at least three times daily, and was convinced that her genitals retained an odious smell.

It was not until a chance meeting with Sarah Cameron, some years later, that this obsession with cleanliness was cured. In this scene Sarah says immediately: "I know people told you that I took Alex away from you. That isn't true." More importantly, though, Sarah reveals that Alex has told her, too, that she has "a very high odor in what is called your private parts." This disclosure makes Hellman feel pleasant and grateful; her obsession with bathing and sexual-organ scrubbing soon fades away. Much later, though, a friend of Sarah's tells Lillian that Alex never said such a thing to Sarah Cameron. Having heard the whole story about Alex and Lillian, Sarah had simply made up a similar story about herself and Alex; she was doing Hellman a good turn.

Whatever the real truth of the matter may be—and it can never be known—Sarah succeeded in putting Lillian at ease. This act of caring (if it was one) is unique, to be treasured, for nowhere else in this novel does anyone care for or comfort someone else. Love, as we envision it—loving that involves knowing and being known by another—doesn't exist in these pages. Each individual is isolated in his or her own skin, and either drinking hard or taking drugs to kill the pain.

The characters in this work are glittery, sophisticated, scary; they lash out, wound, lie, distort, defend themselves ceaselessly; and fail, always, to recognize or meet one another's needs, to touch one another as human beings. Indeed, when Carter Cameron (who's now become Lillian's lover) tells the writer that his relationship with his onetime wife has been so destructive that he "will never love again," I found it difficult to believe that he'd ever been capable of loving. Carter Cameron, whenever and wherever glimpsed in *Maybe*, is passionless and bloodless. What, I wondered, could have attracted Lillian Hellman to him—unless it was the fact that he had once been Sarah Cameron's husband, her man?

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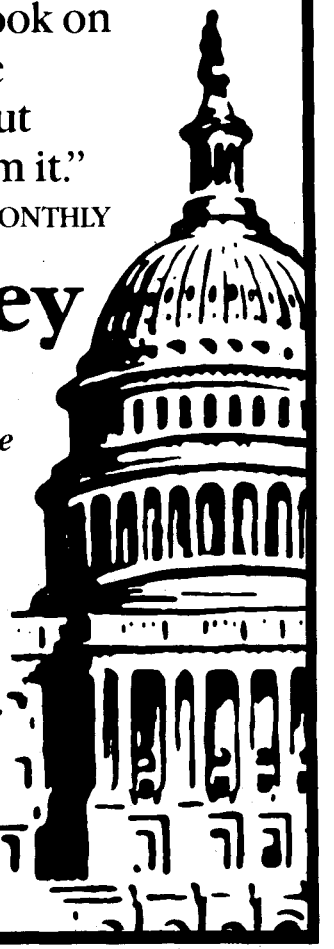

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It is ironic, I might add, that Carter seems most human at the moment when he strikes out at Lillian—when he makes his leering, false-sounding proposition that they take a week's sail on his yawl, saying "it would be good to be alone with you again." At that point, their affair over and done with, he is trying to demean her with this proposal, to treat her like a female fool. When she protests, saying that she has never harmed him, Carter Cameron replies, "But you might, you just might." Sarah Cameron has been untouched or has destroyed the men in her life; the same men have hurt and humiliated Lillian.

Maybe led me to reflect upon the female characters in Hellman's early (1939) and powerful *The Little Foxes*. In that play the women, aside from the important exception of Regina, are the natural victims of the men. They are victimized not only by their femaleness, but—in each instance—by other qualities superimposed upon sexual identity. Alexandra's youthfulness and innocence, Birdie's background of aristocratic ease, which has bred a certain foolish trustingness into her nature, Addie's blackness—these properties render the women both sympathetic and powerless. As I said, Regina is the important exception; she has the good fortune to be married to a man who is desperately ill—who can't defend himself or fight back.

It is Regina, the hardest of the hard lot of characters in the drama, who eventually puts all the males to rout. She outtoughs them all because—like Sarah Cameron—she is without moral limits, without human feelings, without much apparent need for vital emotional connections. Regina, who neither asks nor gives, ends up on top.

In her three previous autobiographies, Miss Hellman spoke in the voice of gutsy, competent, scrappy, smart Regina. The Hellman of *An Unfinished Woman*, *Pentimento*, and *Scoundrel Time* is in charge of most of the situations she describes. What is so unsettling, and so surprising, about *Maybe* is that here the concerns are with feminine hurts and feminine humiliations; the voice and the point of view are much more similar to the vulnerable Birdie's. This is a new kind of writing for Hellman; she is opening the door to a different world—the world of suffering and of acknowledged feeling that was, for the most part, left out of the other three books.

Maggie Scarf

Maggie Scarf teaches at Yale, and is author of *Unfinished Business: Pressure Points in the Lives of Women*, just published by Doubleday.

Soldiers of the Night: The Story of the French Resistance by David Schoenbrun

(Dutton; $15.95)

The Liberation of the Riviera by Peter Leslie

(Wyndham Books; $12.95)

In a speech to the House of Commons following the Allied North African landings in 1942, Winston Churchill (at his most Churchillian) declared: "The Almighty in His Wisdom did not see fit to create Frenchman in the image of Englishmen," and then went on to try to explain the consequence of the internal divisions of ". . . a state like France which has experienced so many convulsions—Monarchy, Empire, and finally Republic. . . ." Drawing on the context of the times, he could have added Gaullist, Giraudist, Petainist, and communist.

These devastating schisms—from which (so far) the Anglo-Saxons have been spared—explain why so often during World War II it seemed to France's exasperated allies that la Résistance was devoting more effort to fighting within its ranks than against the common Nazi foe. It also helps explain why, by and large, France for all her cultural superiority has fewer good contemporary historians capable of writing objectively about her own recent history than almost any other Western country. There are Germans who can write about Bismarck, the Kaiser, and even Hitler; but—with very few notable exceptions—no Frenchmen who can, for instance, write dispassionately about the Paris Commune (1871), the army mutinies of 1917, or (least of all) Vichy and the Resistance of 1940-45. In his scant source notes, David Schoenbrun does well to draw attention to this deficiency. Out of some 5,000 titles on the Resistance, he notes correctly that there is "no single, comprehensive history of that important and exciting war within the war."

While listing two of the best French sources, Henri Noguères and Henri Michel, Schoenbrun fails even to mention one of the most important titles in English—*S.O.E. in France*, in the official British war history, by M.R.D. Foot. SOE (Special Operations Executive) ran parallel to the American OSS, but with considerably longer and deeper experience when it came to dealing with the French Resistance. Though far from ideal, Foot's work was probably the best that could be written on its sector, certainly at the time (1966). Its defects were that he found many of the essential archives either destroyed or else still simply denied to him. This in itself provides a further explanation for the "important gap" noted by Mr. Schoenbrun.

Here it has to be said swiftly that neither he nor Peter Leslie fills the gap. Mr. Schoenbrun seems to have had confused intentions about which of several books he really was writing: an anecdotal, gossipy sketch of the principal personalities; a study of de Gaulle and the higher politics behind the Resistance; a chatty "I was there" account of his own experiences (of which there is far too much) with de Lattre and the "Anvil" landings in the south of France; and a history of the Resistance, *tout court*. The result is a bit of a mishmash. Instead of giving us more than just a bare outline of *maquis* operations—such as, for example, the tragic 1944 battle for the Vercors, which still is a subject of great interest to all students of irregular warfare—Mr. Schoenbrun devotes pages to retelling the story of the liberation of Paris. Good melodrama though it is, little of value seems to be added to the already dramatic pop-history of *Is Paris Burning?*

But let us first list the virtues of *Soldiers of the Night*. One of the most remarkable things about the French Resistance is how it sprang into life almost within a matter of weeks of the crushing defeat of June 1940. There is an important case history here of what provokes a conquered peo-

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ple to rise up against an all-powerful, harsh, though not yet savagely oppressive occupying regime. Here, through his anecdotal technique (though he is perhaps a shade too selective in his choice of the heroines), Mr. Schoenbrun does well to sketch in the personal motives that led various Frenchmen to resist, and to resist so soon. There is, for instance, Jean Moulin, a humble apolitical prefect of Eure-et-Loire, outraged by the cold-blooded killing of an old lady who had simply shaken her fist at German soldiers come to requisition her house. Moulin was to become "Max," the most important leader of de Gaulle's underground, and, later, France's most beatified martyr.

The first act of resistance appears to have happened already by June 20, 1940, when a young man called Etienne Achavanne sabotaged *Wehrmacht* telephone lines. Although this was during the so-called "honeymoon period" when German soldiers were assiduously offering their seats to *parisiennes* in the Métro, Achavanne was shot promptly. His martyrdom, and the Gestapo's promiscuous resort to most brutal torture in the case of countless others who followed him, only served as a powerful recruiting agent. As the French themselves were later to discover to their cost in Algeria, though it may lead to spectacular short-term successes, nothing is more self-defeating in the long run than institutionalized torture. This emerges strongly from *Soldiers of the Night*.

It is a tale full of incredible heroism, treachery (or alleged treachery), and unbelievable amateurism; the casualness about taking "elementary and routine precautions," such as might have saved "Max," is quite hair-raising. On the other hand, where, be it among the French or their British and (later) American overlords, was the experience or the organization to set up an underground? There was none; and to this must be added, from the very beginning, the bedevilment of a multiplicity of separate resistance groups all acting independently and often in mortal hatred of each other—the "Alliance," "Combat," and "Liberation"; the MLN versus the FT versus the communist FTPF versus the CDLR and all usually at odds with de Gaulle's BCRAM and CNR operating out of London.

Divisions within France were mirrored, and exacerbated, by the rows between the Free French in Algiers and in London. Although, as I say, this really belongs to a different book, Mr. Schoenbrun points out the power struggle between de Gaulle (of whom he is a dedicated admirer) and the brave but faintly ridiculous right-wing general Giraud. Typical of the internal rifts was the fact that de Gaulle supposedly only learned of the Giraud-sponsored invasion of Corsica when it actually was under way. Giraud infuriated the Resistance by telling them how to sabotage *Luftwaffe* airfields with pebbles; Giraud was more or less invented by Roosevelt to neutralize de Gaulle. Roosevelt's folly in refusing to recognize de Gaulle's importance returned to plague American relations with France long afterward, when de Gaulle returned in 1958; and it still does. On the other hand, I think the record may show Mr. Schoenbrun to be excessively harsh to Roosevelt's plenipotentiary, Bob Murphy, at the same time not giving his British opposite number, Harold Macmillan, due recognition for his efforts in pressing the cause of de Gaulle with Churchill and against Roosevelt.

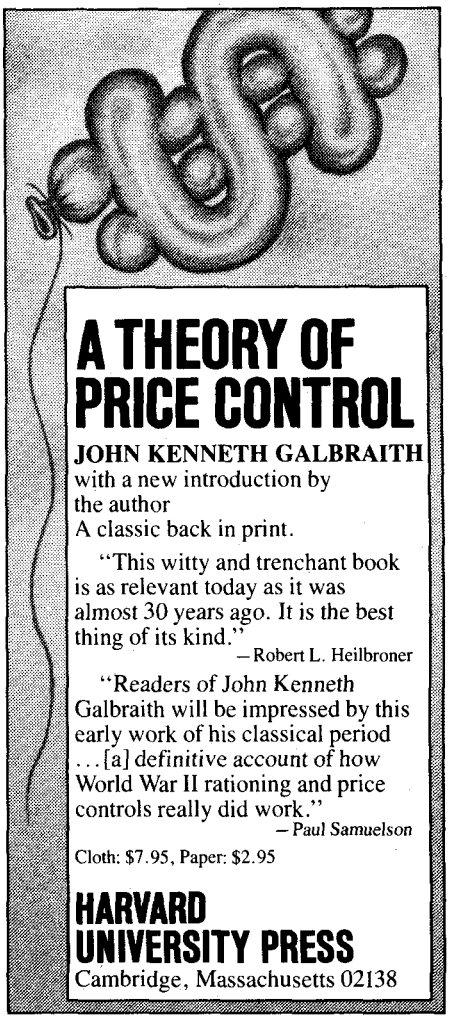
What, both in sum and in particular, did the constituent (and rival) groups of the French Resistance achieve? Was it worth all the torture and the French lives or the effort and material expended on it by the allies? In describing the 1944 disaster of the Plateau des Glières, where the Resistance was massacred after rising too soon (in anticipation of D-Day) and in unwisely large numbers, Mr. Schoenbrun says:

> . . . in almost every instance men who had dug into entrenched positions were overrun and slaughtered, while those who fought as guerrillas, lurking in the shadows, coming out only for a quick hit and a swift retreat, were the only ones who survived with minimum losses and maximum danger to the enemy.

This is what "irregular warfare" is all about, and not just in France in 1944. The FLN in Algeria learned the same lessons, so did the VCs in Vietnam. Unfortunately, the French *maquis* repeated this mistake, with yet more tragic consequences, in the Vercors, and it was only by a whisker that the slaughter of the Vercors was not repeated in Paris—resulting in senseless destruction that posterity never would have forgiven. Of the Vercors it should be mentioned that the French still hold the Allies partly responsible for the failure to come through with a promised airborne landing; but this was a result of a disastrous failure in communications, in itself stemming from those sectarian splits.

If hit-and-run tactics—a train derailed here, a munitions dump blown up there—paid off best, probably the most successful coordinated operation was the chain of sabotage in June 1944 that delayed the crack *Das Reich* division from reaching Normandy, where it might well have swung the balance, for over a week. (This led, in reprisal, however, to the appalling war crimes of the massacre at Oradour.) Of the highest value was the intelligence produced by the Resistance, such as the complete map of the German Channel fortifications, smuggled to Britain by an agent who, tragically, was to pay for it with his life one day after the Allied landings.

Frenchmen still argue bitterly as to which group of the Resistance did most. Individual Jewish operatives participated with unsurpassable courage, and with an extra dimension of despair in knowing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what would be their fate if captured. But Mr. Schoenbrun, I think, exaggerates the weight of the collective Jewish effort. More seriously, he seems to fall too much for the noisy postwar propaganda of the French Communist party that it had the best organized and most effective of all the Resistance networks. To begin with, obedient to the Soviet-Nazi Non-Aggression Pact of 1939, the Communists did virtually nothing until they got the green light from Moscow in June 1941. In fact, until Hitler attacked the USSR, by and large—in the parlance of the times—they "collaborated." Afterward, de Gaulle was absolutely right in trying to restrain the Communists in their policy of random terrorism against the German military. This only brought terrible reprisals down on French civilians in return for few material results. But it was in itself an inherent part of communist ideology, with a parallel to Tito's conduct of the Partisan war in Yugoslavia, and even, in later days, to the teaching of Marighela and the Tupamaro urban guerrillas of Latin America. If Mr. Schoenbrun has anything new to say about the liberation of Paris, it is to make painfully clear how bent the communist leaders of the Resistance inside the city were on turning the world's most beautiful city into another Warsaw, largely on ideological grounds, and how very close they came to achieving this.

On this question of who did what, it is worth noting as illustrative of the problems of source material that the hero of Peter Leslie's book, Ange-Marie Miniconi, alleged to have saved Cannes from destruction, is not even mentioned in either Schoenbrun or Foot, or any other book on the Resistance that I have at hand. I am irritated by the sometimes grandiose claims made by publishers (should they not be held responsible by the Federal Trade Commission?). Inside the jacket of *The Liberation of the Riviera*, Mr. Leslie is described as a "leading historian of World War II." I have never heard of any book he has written, his name does not appear in any of the obvious reference books, and his publishers provide no supporting titles. His book is made almost unintelligible by its tiresome flashback technique, and there is too much reconstituted dialogue that sounds rather suspect. There are stylistically horrendous passages, such as "sparks flew from the steel as the slugs slammed home." Miniconi seems to have been a courageous and unassuming local leader of the left-wing Resistance, motivated initially by anger at the pettier discriminations of the Vichy regime. His greatest moment, according to Mr. Leslie's story, came when he tricked the German commandant into not blowing up the waterfront at Cannes in the last hours of the occupation. Those of a cynical disposition who know the Riviera might deem this to have been one of the more misguided efforts of the Resistance.

Alistair Horne

Alistair Horne is author, recently, of *A Savage War of Peace: Algeria 1954-62* and *Napolean: Master of Europe 1805-1807* (Penguin).

Correspondence, *from page 3*

tures that do not do any of these things, but are tastefully colored to suit their preferences. To continue the metaphor, the prizes of history unfortunately go to plumbing fixtures that work, and sometimes the historical price of preference for the other kind of plumbing fixture can threaten national survival.

Joseph Alsop
Washington, DC

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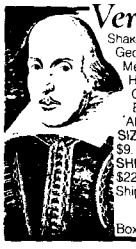

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Washington Diarist

That's Entertainment

I'd like to extend my heartiest congratulations to NBC News for being the first to announce to a slightly sleepy America that George Bush would be Reagan's nominee for vice president, and to Chris Wallace, whose 11:54:41 p.m. blurt earned his picture a place in the *Washington Post*. For me, these kudos are conveyed none too soon: I've already forgotten why being first was important; I had to check a newspaper to remember which network it was; and soon, I suppose, I'll forget completely about the whole thing. You see, I was one of the unfortunates who watched the losers, CBS, though not out of any loyalty or expectation but because my TV gets only two channels clearly. CBS, as many of its viewers still bitterly recall, didn't make the Bush announcement until 11:55:05 p.m. Not that they weren't wonderfully entertaining all the way up until then, what with all their hot tips from corners of the convention floor and Walter Cronkite's scintillating interviews. In the interview with Nancy Reagan and the Reagan children, for instance, there were all those significant exchanges between the questionably prepared Cronkite, who mostly giggled, and friendly Nancy Reagan, who mostly said "Oh, Walter." In the interview with Ford, which many consider the biggest news coup of the convention, Cronkite didn't elicit any real tidbits, but Ford had himself a comfortable public platform from which to put some pressure on Reagan. As for all the evening's speculation, vice-presidential and otherwise, perhaps the most ludicrous example came not from some suddenly anointed source on the floor but from America's most trusted voice, Cronkite himself. Nancy Reagan, escorted to her row as the roll call of the states was about to commence, was sidestepping her way to her place, six or seven seats in. The camera was on her; she was all waves. Suddenly, face forward, she fell. For a moment she was out of view. Four men turned to attend her, and within seconds had her on her feet again. Cronkite, who had just said how terrible it would be for her to be hurt at this moment in her husband's career, was relieved, but only momentarily. In that mildly panic-riddled voice of which he is so capable, he observed that she was only waving her right hand. It was true of course: she was smiling, her right arm was pumping vigorously, but her left arm was *at her side*. Cronkite said that he really wanted to see her left arm up and waving too. So did every CBS viewer in America; probably millions of us couldn't take our eyes off Mrs. Reagan's dormant left arm. She didn't wave it. We wondered. The rules for the roll call were being announced on the podium. Suddenly, the left arm was up and waving. *Whew*. I think I would have enjoyed more of the evening's speculations ("updated information" from "close sources") had Dan Rather and company managed a grin or two, or maybe even a smile. After all, there's no reason to look so earnest and harried when what you have to say is, in the greatest likelihood, slightly off the mark, repetitive, or inconsequential. Speculation wears thin very fast, but what else was there to keep all those hours of airtime interesting? Live television coverage, particularly of something like a political convention, can't be thoughtful; it's an unblinking eye on something long, programmatic, and slightly ridiculous. Was there really any need for three network news teams to be there? When it comes to politics, who needs media rivalry and all its manufactured drama, especially in our depressing political arena? I've already made plans to keep myself out all evening on November 4. For that kind of news, I can wait until morning.

Of course TV has no monopoly on entertainment-industry wastefulness. A survey of the paperback industry recently revealed that around 45 percent of all the mass-market paperbacks published in this country end up unsold, returned, and in the shredder. The hardcover industry is no stranger to returns either, but at least it has been able—through annual incremental write-offs for income-tax purposes—to allow a book's sales to continue, even dwindle, for seasons and even years before the decision to remainder or pulp unsold books is necessary. Now, however, it may be forced to adopt some of the paperback industry's viciousness with slow-selling stock. In *Thor Power Tool v. Commissioner of Internal Revenue*, the US Supreme Court ruled that write-downs representing inventory value cannot be allowed as deductions. What that does is encourage hardcover publishers to print fewer books in the first place (thus increasing the cost per book) and remainder or pulp titles as soon as they aren't selling briskly. The Association of American Publishers is lobbying for book-industry exemption on the basis that books are different than widgets; the *Thor* decision is also bound to upset a number of people at PEN and the Authors' Guild, organizations that rail against big-corporate tactics in the publishing industry. As novelist E. L. Doctorow has said, ". . .the narrowing of divergent decision-making power into fewer corporate organizations . . . provides the structure for a time when enlightenment will no longer prevail." It's funny, though, how Doctorow and other foes of big-business publishing feel perfectly comfortable pressing for often stupendous advances, which, of course, only the largest and best-financed publishing houses can afford.

Summer brings a lot of movies, but a growing number of them seem merely to be re-releases. We're supposed to go see *Fiddler on the Roof* and a bunch of others again because now they're in Dolby stereo. Walt Disney didn't make even that embellishment in its current re-release of *Mary Poppins*. We're going to get *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* again, only now with new footage that Spielberg has added to "enrich" the original plot. But probably summer—especially with the kind of heat we've been having recently—affects not just the movie industry, but productivity in general. In the mail now I'm receiving six resumés for every submitted manuscript—an unhealthy ratio of idle hands to written work. Phone calls I make don't seem to get answered until the fifth or sixth ring. Lately, the morning newspapers feel thinner. Even *The New Republic* skips a few issues. But the potentially worst blow to American productivity now may not be summer heat. It seems the FDA is finishing up a laboratory study that is expected to link caffeine consumption to birth defects. (The same FDA, in case anybody's forgotten, protects consumers with its federal cola standard, which requires that any product that calls itself "cola" must contain caffeine.) Should their new finding be accepted, and should there be even a mild effort to call attention to it, the coffee, tea, and soft-drink industries probably will lose more than just a few pregnant customers. And the adverse effects on productivity could be widespread. Think of it: without coffee or Coke or iced tea, what work would get accomplished between eight and 10 a.m.? What term paper would ever get written? What early afternoon wouldn't be lost to the soporific effect of a long business lunch? What great late-night thoughts would never occur without the nag of caffeine from that last cup of coffee that keeps sleep from descending?

Marc Granetz

Marc Granetz is editor at New Republic Books.

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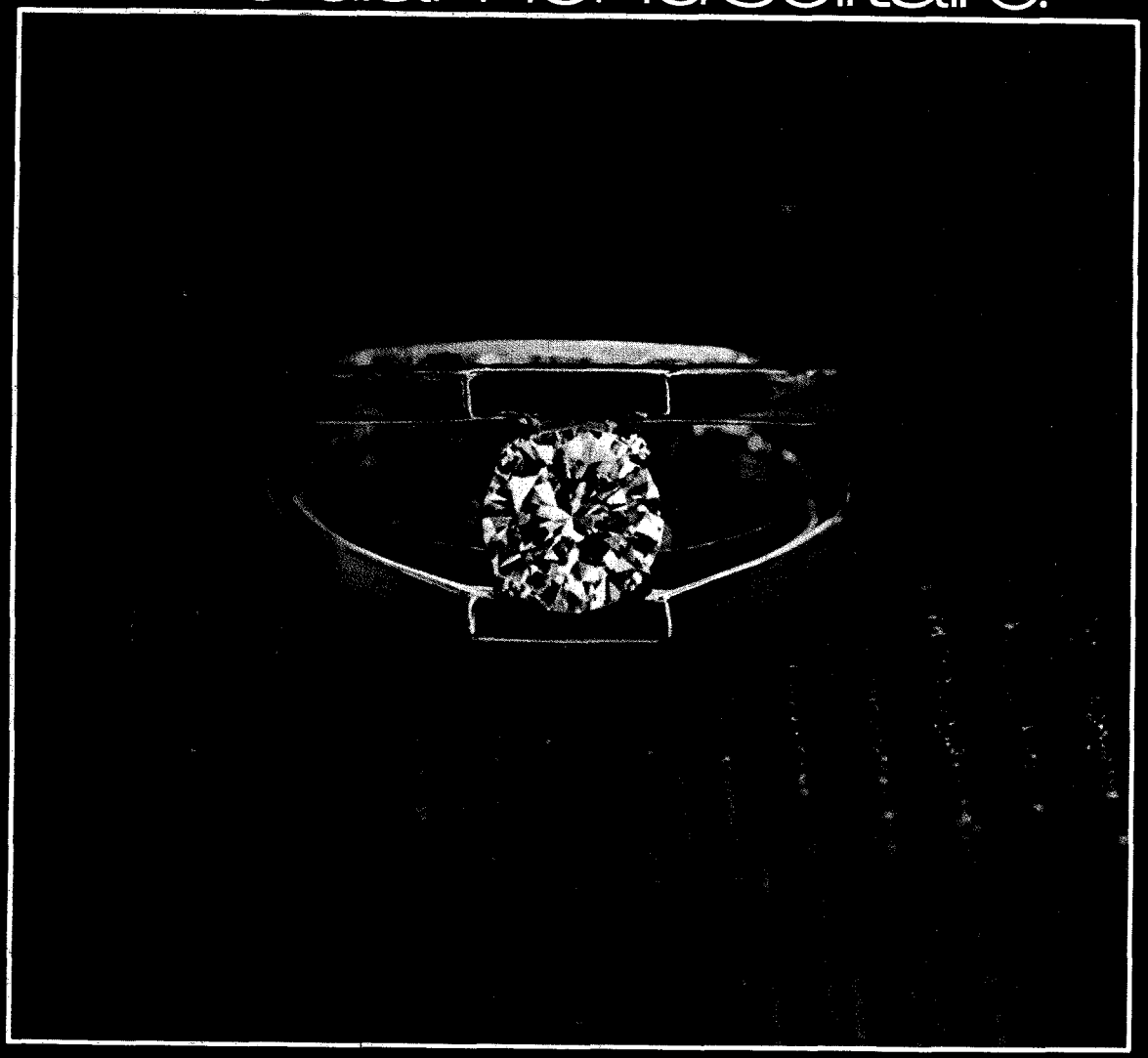

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